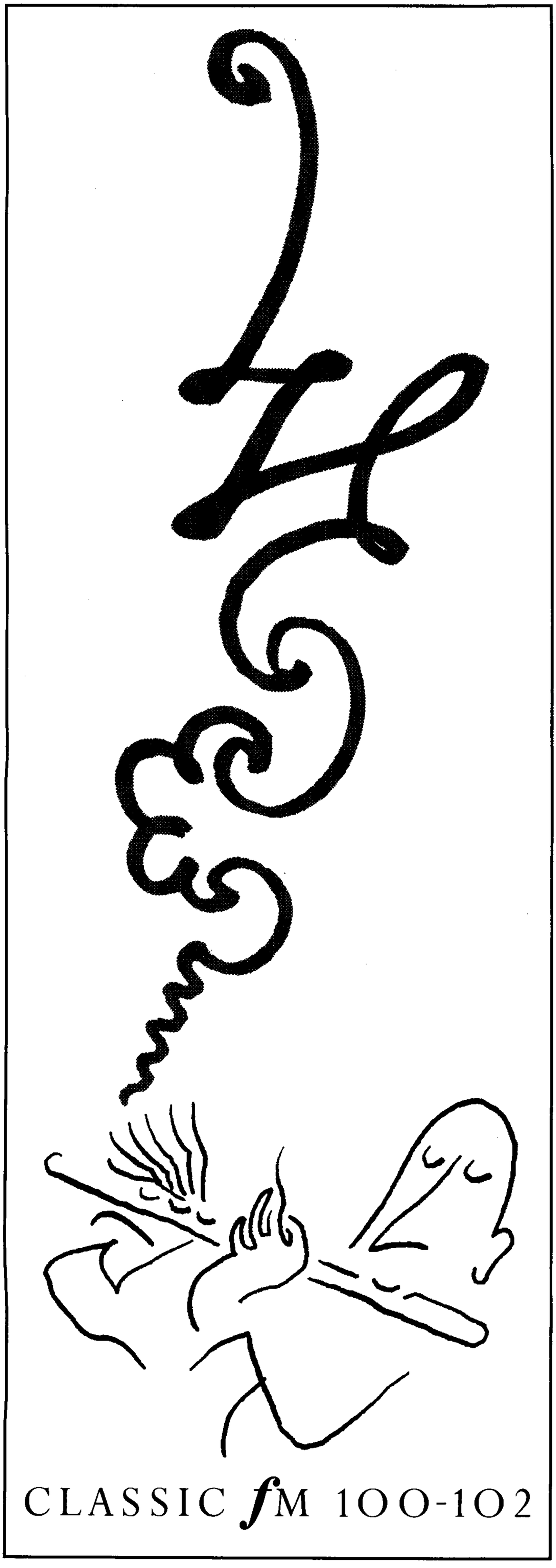
PRIVATE EYE

No. 857
Friday
21 Oct. '94

90p

ROYAL BOOK ROW



WE BUY ROLEX
THE BEST DEAL GUARANTEED
£850 MIN. UPTO £8000
CASH PAID INSTANTLY
FOR CURRENT • GMT
SUBMARINER•DAYTONA
DAY-DATE•EXPLORER II
INCREASED PRICES
WANTED
ROLEX *Cartier* PATEK
BREITLING HEUER *PIAGET*
& ALL FINE WATCHES,
GOLD OR STEEL, OLD & NEW
DIAMONDS & JEWELLERY
Bassange
Jewellers since 1950
7 HATTON GARDEN
LONDON EC1
TEL: 071 242 3152
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
BRING IN OR SEND REGISTERED POST
BUY • SELL • EXCHANGE • GREAT VALUE

TAURUS
PINE BEDS
HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP
'Despite being the cheapest among the very best'
TIME OUT
FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK
242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 071-624 3024

PROPERTY AUCTIONS
Buy a repossessed property at auction and save £1,000's
100's of properties are sold at auction each week. Read the ***Londoner's Property Auction Guide*** to find out.
- How to make a bid before, during and *even after* the auction takes place.
- Details of over 30 London Property Auction Houses.
- Advice on solicitors, surveyors and mortgages.

You can order ***The Londoners Property Guide*** for only £15 (post paid). Money back guarantee.
To order send cheque/PO payable to:
'LONDON HOUSING NEWS'
DEPT. 401, 302 REGENT STREET,
LONDON W1R 5AL Tel: 081 755 2266

The Original Breton Shirt
The Traditional French Fisherman's working shirt. Made from 100% knitted cotton. So comfortable - they're addictive !
Cols: Cream/Navy
Cream/Green
Cream/Red
Cream/Burgundy
NEW Cream/Light Blue
ONLY £16.95 +£1.55 p&p
immediate dispatch
Sizes: S(34-36'), M(38-40'), L(42-44'), XL(46-48'), XXL(50')
Cheques/P.O.s:
The Breton Shirt Co, Dept (PE1) PO Box 15, Brampton, Cumbria, CA8 1RB
Credit Cards:
(06977) 41936
or fax (06977) 41937
The Breton Cap ONLY £12.95 +£1.55 p&p

The Classic navy fisherman's hat.
Sizes: 6¾ 6⅞ 7 7⅛ 7¼ 7⅜ 7½

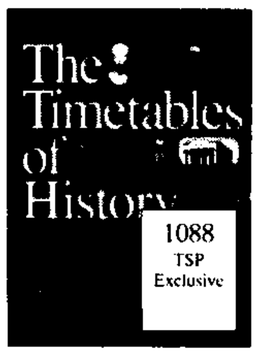
I'LL WIND UP A MATE FOR YOU
CALL ME ON 0336 426 381
For the best laugh in windups call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction.
MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT
0336 426382
YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR
0336 426383
IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER
0336 426384
LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSE
0336 426385
Joke Lines, PO Box 43, Warminster Wilts BA12 7RU
Calls charged at 39p/min cheap rate, 49p/min other times

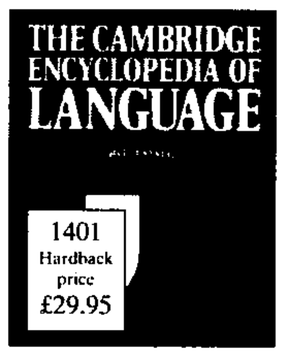
The Arthurian T-Shirt
100% UNBLEACHED COTTON
XL/L 10.00 EACH INC. P&P
SEND CHEQUE/PO TO:
ELEPHANT HOUSE
BOX 8, ELEPHANT & CASTLE,
WHITE HILL, LEWES, EAST SUSSEX,
BN7 2DJ.

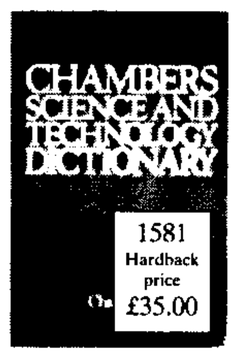
PHAZER
LASER AND RADAR JAMMER

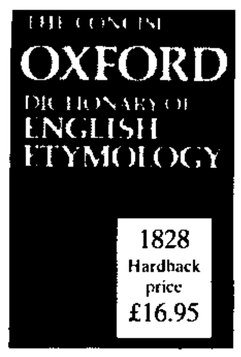
YOU CAN'T CATCH WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE!
★ WORKS ON X, K, & Ka BANDS
★ WORKS ON ALL LASER
★ UNIVERSAL WINDSHIELD MOUNT
★ BUILT IN DIAGNOSTICS
★ TEST CIRCUIT WITH SPEAKER
★ 12 VOLT ACCESSORY JACK
★ COMPACT SIZE *(ONLY 1.5" x 4.0")*
★ 3 YEAR WARRANTY *(NO QUIBBLE)*
PHAZER
LASER AND RADAR JAMMER
ONLY £300.00
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL OR FAX ON
01964 527636
Alternatively send a cheque or postal order to Stealth Electronics, P.O. Box 3, Skirlaugh, Hull, HU11 4YX, stating amount required. Please allow a maximum of 30 days for postage and handling. Trade and overseas enquiries welcome.
EXTRA ACCESSORIES ARE AVAILABLE AS FOLLOWS:
WINDSHIELD MOUNT £10.00
Y-ADAPTOR £10.00
POWERCORD £10.00
VELCRO £1.00
PRICES INCLUDE V.A.T. AND POSTAGE
AS SEEN ON BBC

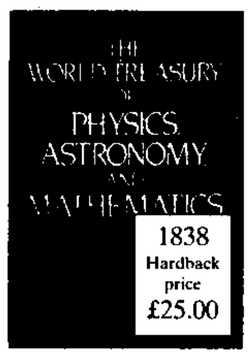
You write the rules
when you join TSP

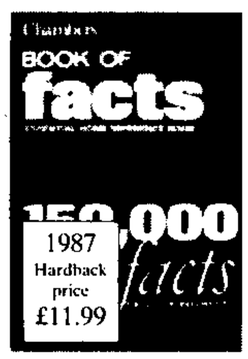


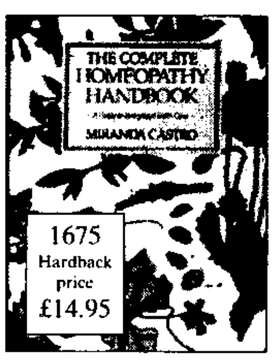


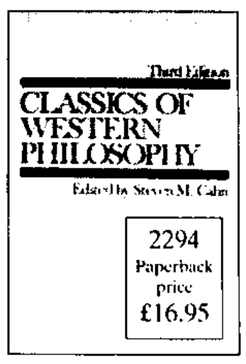


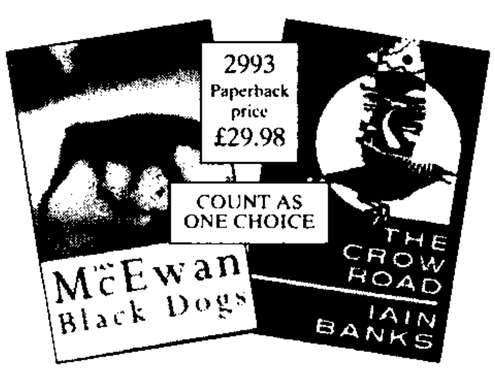


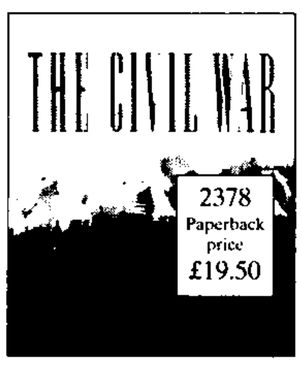


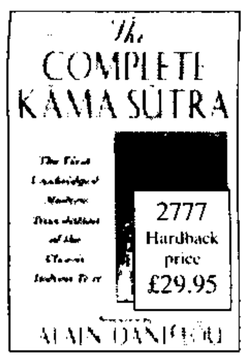


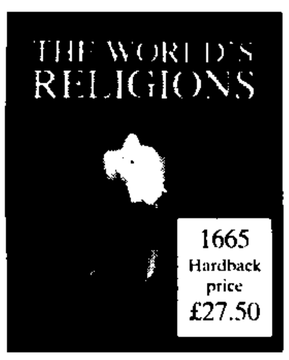


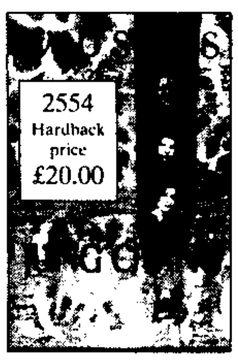


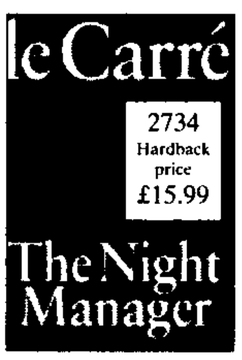


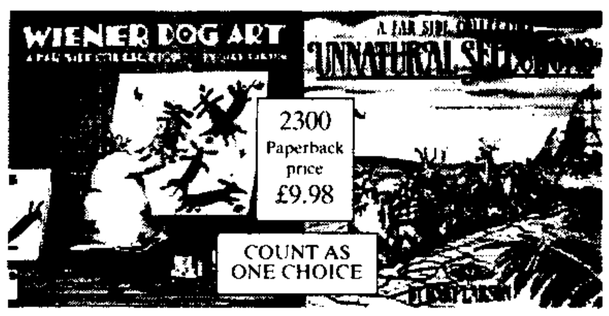


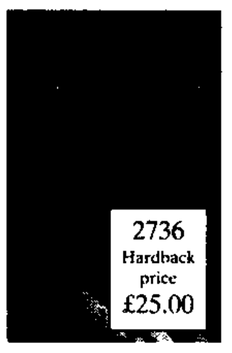


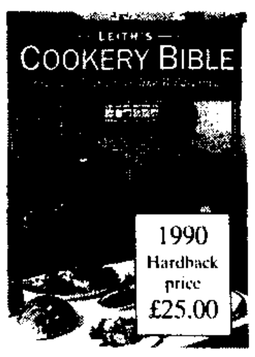


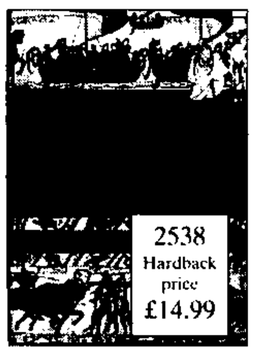


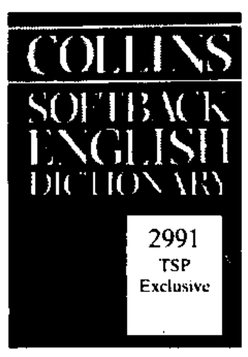


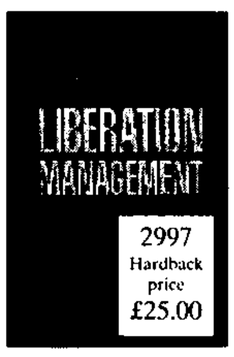












The Softback Preview, PO Box 415, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB11 1DZ.

TSP Exclusive: These titles are not available anywhere else in the UK in any format.

"These are the terms and conditions I lay down for joining any book club.

I will not join a club which forces me to buy a book from every magazine or even a minimum number of books every year.

I appreciate good books and I'd like to see what you're offering. Your Preview, with around 100 books every month, sounds like a good idea to me, but don't expect me to buy any of them unless I see something I like.

I want books which challenge, inform and entertain. Whether I'm reading fiction or biography, books on science, art, history or philosophy I always look for the very best.

I also like my books to look and feel good, and to last. So I'm attracted by the quality of TSP softbacks which you say are exactly the same as the original hardback, except for the soft cover and cost around half the price.

OK, I'll buy 3 of the books from this page. At £1 each, it's a good offer. If the rest of your books measure up to these then I might be tempted. But I'm not making any promises.

That's as much of a commitment as I'm prepared to make. If you can accept these terms then please send me the 3 introductory books I've chosen and my first Preview."

TSP Softbacks are exactly the same in every detail as the original hardback - **except for the soft cover** - and around half the price.

Choose any 3 books for just £1 each

(+p&p)

...and you never have to buy another book

Guaranteed

Please send to: **The Softback Preview**, PO Box 415, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB11 1DZ.

YES I enjoy good books, and I'd like to try **The Softback Preview** for 6 issues. Please send me the three introductory books I have selected below. If I decide to return them within 10 days I'll owe nothing, otherwise I understand that you will charge me £1 each plus a total of £1.99 p&p. Each Preview will feature a Recommended Title. I understand that I am under no obligation to take the Recommended Title at any time and if I do not wish to receive it I need simply say so on the form provided. **In fact I am under no obligation to buy another book ... ever.**

I am over 18.

Indicate by number your 3 choices:

Name Mr/Mrs/Ms

(BLOCK LETTERS)

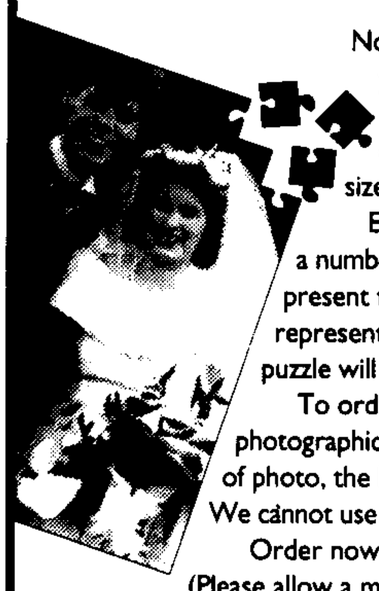
Address

PE04

The Softback Preview

Only one application per household. Offer valid in UK only. Send no money now.

Have your favourite photo made into a wooden jigsaw.



Now you can turn that favourite picture of your family, your holiday, your home or pet into an absorbing keepsake. Just send us the photograph of your choice and we'll transform it into a high quality, 200 piece wooden jigsaw enlarged to approximately A4 size and presented in an elegant maroon and gold presentation box. Every piece is a different shape, and within the puzzle you will find a number of pieces shaped as animals and other objects. It's the perfect present to yourself, your family or friends. And because no representation of the photo is included in the presentation box, the puzzle will make an ideal surprise for somebody as they put it all together!

To order simply complete the coupon below and enclose your photographic print (a standard 5x7 print is preferred). The better the quality of photo, the better the result.

We cannot use copyright photographs such as images from books or magazines.

Order now at the special price of £24.99 Incl P&P

(Please allow a maximum of 28 working days for delivery).

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Postcode _____ Telephone _____

Number of puzzles required _____ I enclose a cheque for £ _____

Please debit my Access Card ☐ Visa Card ☐ Master Card ☐

Number: | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

Expiry date _____ Signature _____ Date _____

Post to: The Wentworth Wooden Jigsaw Company Ltd,
The Dairy Farm, Pinkney Park, Malmesbury, Wiltshire, SN16 0NX.

MOPS

I confirm that I own the photograph/s and the copyright thereto and that nobody else has any other claim or rights relating thereto.

Signature _____ Date _____

the
WENTWORTH WOODEN JIGSAW
company

AP/001

Have we got news for you.

As, with a hey nonny nonny
we skip merrily into our missing
word round we see that the
MICRO CORRECT POCKET pen
from Pentel is one point ahead.
The point in question being
its rather fine, free flowing tip
which won't dry up and delivers
correction fluid only when
and where you need it.
Which, when compared with the
mess and waste of other products
makes it the odd one out. Correct.

Pentel

Here should have been a picture of

THE CATALOGUE WHICH WILL EASE YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING THIS YEAR

Unfortunately, 'due to a misunderstanding', you will just have to imagine it until your copy arrives.

Soon it will be Christmas. Even sooner it will be three days before Christmas, and you'll remember this ad. and wonder why you ignored it. The **HAWKIN catalogue** is an unrivalled cornucopia of cheap but inspired presents for children (mainly) and adults, a blend of things you thought had gone for ever and things you never knew existed. Now in its fourteenth year, the catalogue itself (40 A4 pages, fully illustrated with colour photographs) is quite unlike any other mail order catalogue, informative and entertaining even for those who believe they will not be tempted to buy from it. What other catalogue not only tells you what 'triboluminescence' means but also offers you a truly brilliant (*ho-ho*) 95p ideal-for-anyone's-stocking thing that does it? If you don't know the **HAWKIN catalogue** don't waste time trying to imagine it. **ASK FOR IT NOW!** Or wait until 22 December, and wish you hadn't.

HAWKIN & Co.
St. Margaret - Harleston - Norfolk IP20 1EY
Telephone 0986 782482 Fax 0986 782468

T. M. Lewin
~~Extra~~ Cuvée de Réserve
Appellation
Jermyn Street Contrôlée

Mise en ~~bouteille~~
aux NOS. 103 - 106

* * *

A sparkling pedigree
('méthode champenoise'
naturally).

Bill Gunn, Champagne Pol Roger.

T·M·Lewin & Sons

ESTABLISHED 1898

This year's new catalogue from T M Lewin of Jermyn Street features a fine selection of quality classic cotton shirts at £42.50 and pure silk ties from £25. In addition, the beautifully presented catalogue with large, detailed illustrations offers accessories which include dress studs, cuff-links, and braces.

For your free copy, call: 071-839 1664 or Fax: 071-839 7791.

NEW!

GNOME BRAND COLA

Forget Coke! Forget Pepsi! At last Gnoma-Cola is available in the shops!

GNOMA-COLA is indistinguishable from Coke because it is made to a secret formula involving the extraction of a pure, raw coca-cola from its original tins and its subsequent placing in other tins bearing the slogan "Gnoma-Cola".

Here are the incredible Magic Ingredients that will make Gnoma-Cola your favourite drink.

Coca-Cola 15%	Monognomium Glutinate 0.003%
Water 50%	Strobesium 0.00072%
Marijuana 25%	Branson Pickle 2%
Vitamin 94 1%	

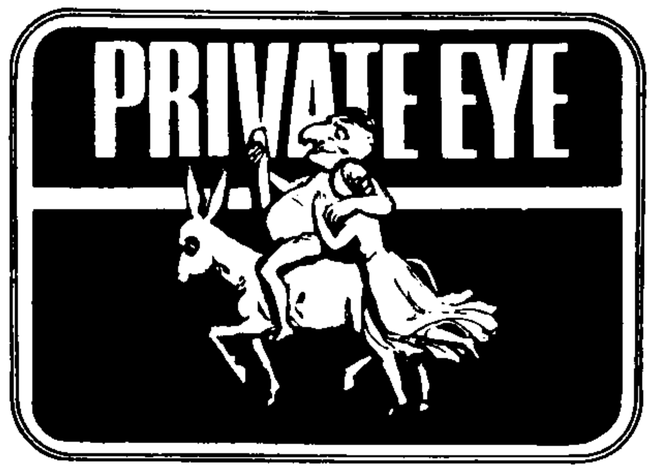
For further details, apply E. Strobes, Lord Gnome, The Gnome Idea-a-Day Co, Branson Towers, Virgin Water, Surrey.

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£16 per annum. Europe and Eire £23.
Airmail – rest of world £29.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye.
Access/Visa.
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 071-228 0588.
Fax: 071-924 3719



COLOUR SECTION

WHO was the mysterious "John" referred to in the Mark Thatcher tapes published in the *Sunday Times*?

The participants in the taped conversations discuss who would be the best middleman for a huge arms deals between Britain and Saudi Arabia. "John" is put forward as a cheaper substitute for Mark Thatcher — though Thatcher finally won out because of his family connections.

The immediate favourite was Jonathan Aitken, now chief secretary to the treasury. Aitken had been acting for the Saudi monarchy for years through a company controlled by one of the Saudi princes closest to the fabulous Al Yamamah deal signed by Thatcher in 1985, and again in 1988.

Despite his long record campaigning for freedom of information, Aitken is not too keen on press freedom if it is used to attack the Saudi monarchy. In 1984, when still a backbencher, he fired off a volley of letters to Douglas Hurd, then a junior minister at the foreign office. The letters complained about a subversive Saudi magazine circulating in London called *Sourakia*. It had an annoying habit of attacking famous rich people, including the Wafic Said who was devoted to Jonathan and later became his business partner in Aitken Hume.

Aitken wrote to Hurd that Wafic had been engaged in negotiating with International Military Sales, which was then the ministry of defence's subsidiary handling arms exports.

Moreover, Aitken warned, Wafic had for many years acted as "de facto" chief executive to the family of HRH Prince Sultan bin Abdul Aziz, then the Saudi minister of defence. The negotiations, said Aitken in a clear reference to what the following year became the Al Yamamah arms deals, could lead to "immense benefits for Britain". Even Hurd could not stomach such a blatant interference in the free press and Aitken's advice was politely rejected.

Naturally Aitken was a likely go-between for any deals. But in a statement issued by the treasury a few hours after the *Sunday Times* revelations, Aitken insisted he was not the "John" in the tapes, though it is not clear how he can be so sure.

Who else could it have been? One correspondent to the *Eye* suggested the name of Sir John Cuckney, chairman of International Military Services from 1974 to 1985. Into the bargain, Sir John was chairman of Westland during the 1986 crisis which drove Michael Heseltine out from the ministry of defence. He was also deputy chairman of the TI Group when it sold the Coventry machine tools firm Matrix Churchill to the Iraqis, and chairman of one of three main shareholders of the arms company Astra.

The *Eye* asked him how he would respond to the idea that he was "John" in the Thatcher tapes. He replied: "I respond in the negative." Any more suggestions gratefully received.

● *30 Things You Never Knew About Mark Thatcher* 6

THE disintegration (*Shurely "privatisation"?*) **of the railways moves on: Railtrack (prop: Bob "BP" Horton) is trying to recoup losses by selling hugely overpriced safety documentation.**

When Railtrack was created it was given responsibility for publishing most of the railways' safety-related information. Hitherto British Rail had provided it at more or less cost price.

Train operators and engineers cannot work without safety documents, which are vital to running a safe railway. To comply with standards you have to know what standards exist, and BR must now buy the documents from Railtrack and make sure the relevant employees have them.

The first purchase must be a catalogue (£25) which is issued twice yearly. Next one orders the documents one needs (an extra £5 ensures rapid response). The documents themselves — which may be just 20 pieces of paper — then cost between £20 and £40.

If the documents cover areas of operation which involve many different staff, hundreds of copies will have to be bought. And because Railtrack holds the copyright to the contents, BR managers cannot photocopy them unless they apply for a licence. That licence costs £200 a year, plus 20 pence per page. The copies must be destroyed after 30 days, however, unless £1,000 is paid per year, plus 40p per page.

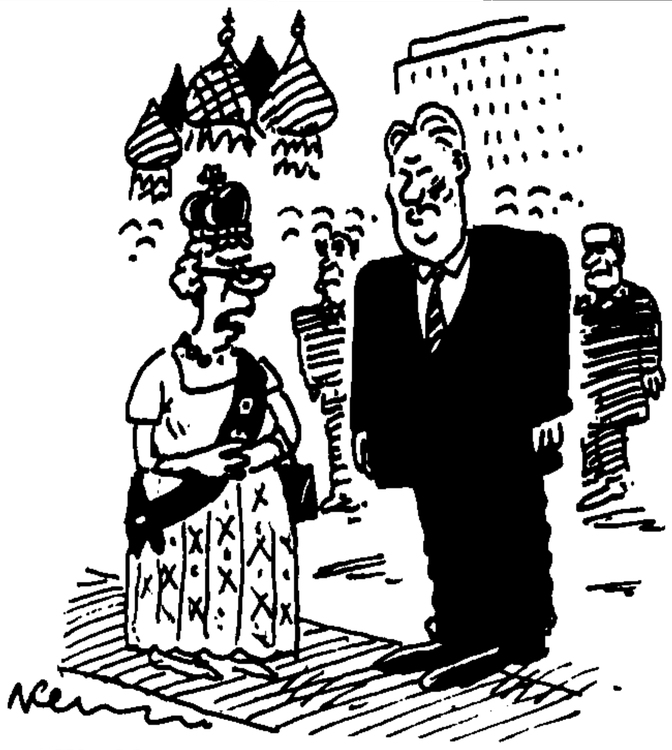
THE extraordinary decision to sell the coal industry to a single buyer, Richard Budge, means a state monopoly will become a private monopoly.

The government has decided not to sell any pits in England to Malcolm Edwards, the former commercial director of British Coal, or to the Union of Democratic Miners, the partners in his consortium. The UDM came to the government's aid by refusing to join Arthur Scargill's strike and thought it was in line for a bit of thank you. But it was not to be. Why not?

Tim Eggar, the energy minister, insists that it is because Richard Budge, the boss of the mining company that has won the contract, offered more money than anyone else. This is nonsense. The government could have given Budge the lion's share and still found some English pits for others in order to promote "diversity" — allegedly the keynote of its energy policy.

The clue is that Edwards rocked the boat. For as readers will recall, he was the British Coal commercial director who opposed the Rothschild plan to reduce the industry from 55 pits to 12 or 14. Not that he is a radical: he wanted privatisation; but he was critical of the plan for sweeping pit closures. British Coal then tried to build a case against him by examining his expenses claims (see *Private Eye* of 31 January and 28 February 1992).

The Commons select committee on energy then moved in and insisted on hearing evidence from Edwards, overruling British Coal which had banned him from talking. One industry expert commented: "Edwards made them look silly and they did not like it. Now the government is showing that it does not have any real interest in the future of the industry. One thing that this decision will mean is that National Power and PowerGen [the electricity generators] will have to import *more* coal to hedge against Budge."



"Would anyone here like to shoot my family?"

NEW — A **PRIVATE EYE** (1995) diary. See back cover for details and **FREE** offer. (Christmas cards next issue)

30 Things You Should Know About Mark Thatcher

1 After leaving Harrow, where he excelled at rackets, he failed his accountancy exams more than once.

2 He failed to hold down jobs in Hong Kong, where his father Denis had substantial business interests; and in South Africa, where he had a rich auntie, his father's sister.

3 He was back in England for the 1979 general election, won by the Tories whose leader was his mother.

4 Shocked by Mark's continuing failure to achieve, Mrs Thatcher appealed to her friends for help.

5 She was delighted when Victor "Fingers" Matthews, a property speculator who had risen to be managing director of Trafalgar House, a property company, responded by taking Mark on as a £50,000-a-year "consultant" to Cementation.

6 Matthews was made a peer in the 1980 new year's honours list.

7 In 1981, he accompanied his mother to Oman, where the sultan awarded the huge contract for the building of the new Qaboos university to Cementation.

8 The prime minister, embarrassed by the row about the Oman contract, was rescued once again by a businessman. Mark was employed as a consultant by David Wickins of Lotus cars, and went to Texas.

The First-Ever Eye Reference To Mark Thatcher, 1 August 1980

I bump into acned fool Mark Thatcher. "Love to have dinner, old boy, but I can't," says the weasel.
For why?'(©Sir Jonah), I ask.
"I have a meeting with some Arabs with a lot of ice," says the twittish son of the Leaderene.

9 Wickins and his erstwhile business partner were treated very generously by the tax authorities in Britain. (See In The City, *Eyes passim*, 1984-85.)

10 From 1983, Mark was associating with arms dealers. In that year a former CIA contractor, Sarkis Soghanalian, met Mark at London's Carlton Tower Hotel. Mark was "minded" by a representative of the arms company, United Scientific Holdings. The chairman of USH at the time was Peter Levene. Levene became head of defence procurement in Mrs Thatcher's government in 1985 and was knighted in 1989.

11 In 1982 Mark met Lebanese-born Pierre Yonan and was a regular guest at Yonan's luxurious house in the South of France. Yonan, an arms dealer, specialised in supplying Arab countries (*Eye* 579).

12 The same year he met Akram Oijeh, who had offices in Paris and had been arms procurement officer for the government of Saudi Arabia. Mark befriended Oijeh after a Saudi motor-racing team came to Britain and lent Mark a racing car.

13 Using Mark's contacts, Oijeh negotiated a Saudi hospital contract for his firm (*Eye* 577).

14 Oijeh's representative in London, whom Mark also met and befriended, was a Syrian-born dealer called Wafic Said.

15 Before the Al Yamamah arms deal between Britain and Saudi Arabia, signed in 1985 by Margaret Thatcher, Oijeh was taken on as a consultant to British Aerospace, the main British supplier of arms under the deal (*Eye* 620).

16 Another important friend of Mark is Mohammad Fayed, owner of Harrods. Many reports allege that in October 1984 Mark flew with Fayed to Brunei where he lobbied the sultan, the richest man on earth, about a contract to build a university there. (This visit was denied by the sultan, but never by Mark.)

17 In May 1988 Mark followed his mother to Turkey. She was on a state visit; he wanted to be the exclusive agent for the country's biggest petrochemical company, Petkim. He didn't get that contract, but he did plenty of "other business" (*Eye* 694).

18 Mark's colleague in Turkey was Paul Lewis, an Australian, who left Britain soon after the Turkey visit and has not returned (though his wife and daughter are still here).

19 When Turkish prime minister-in-waiting Tansu Ciller came to Britain in 1992, she met her heroine Margaret Thatcher at Mark's £2 million London home in the Boltons.

20 In June 1989 Mark visited his beloved South Africa where he had secret meetings, supported and sponsored by his mother, with the extreme right-wing defence minister, Magnus Malan. Mark also met leaders of the UNITA movement which with South African money and arms was fighting a war against the government of Angola (officially recognised by Mrs Thatcher's government).

21 In 1992 Mark was again in South Africa on a secret mission to Oudtshourn, famous for its ostrich eggs, where he stayed with the former Nationalist mayor.

22 Meanwhile Mark's closest British business associate and best man at his wedding, Steve Tipping, had been again and again to Malaysia to clinch deals connected with the Pergau dam "aid for arms" deal signed by Margaret Thatcher and her defence secretary. Tipping has a consultancy with Shorts, an arms company in Northern Ireland which supplied Blowpipe missiles to the rebels in Afghanistan (until they rejected them for French-made alternatives which worked better).

23 In his book, the imaginative former Mossad agent Ari Ben- Menashe says he met Mark Thatcher in the offices of Carlos Cardoen, the Chilean "cluster bomb king" who was chief arms supplier to Saddam Hussein. This brought a rare denial from Mark. "I have never been to Chile in my life," he said — though there was no denial of any connection with Cardoen's arms business.

24 Mark's chief patron in the United States is Ross Perot, the third candidate in the 1992 presidential election.

25 Mark's chief patron in Africa is Daniel Arap Moi, son of the former Kenyan premier.

26 **THE SAVOY MAFIA** This was described to a House of Commons committee by Gerald James, the chairman of an arms company called Astra, as follows:

"The phrase is one I first heard from Richard Unwin, who is I believe connected to this group of people. The modus operandi appears to be that Alan Curtis [former chairman of Lotus, which employed Mark] had close connections with the Thatchers — Denis and Mark. He was in the habit of going to Number Ten on a regular basis, usually at what they termed supper time or late comings.

It is my understanding that he [Unwin] received information on an informal basis about matters related to defence. Curtis then organised meetings/lunches/dinners to further defence exports. These meetings involved senior ministers like Younger [George Younger, minister of defence] and officials like Sir Colin Chandler [now chairman of Vickers] and Peter Levene [now deputy chairman of Wasserstein Perella]. The influence of this unofficial group was I believe enormous. (This extract was first published in *Eye* 794).

27 **THE ROOKER MEMORANDUM** Early in 1990, a strange document arrived on the desk of Jeffrey Rooker, a Birmingham Labour MP and then a prominent backbench critic of the government.

It was a corporate memorandum from a company with close associations with Saudi Arabia, and it dealt with bribes for contracts. It was in three parts, headed Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Malaysia, and it alleged that Mark Thatcher was involved in "commissions" for arms contracts in all three countries.

Rooker put it in an envelope and sent it to the prime minister. She wrote back thanking him and assuring him that she had sent the memo to the "appropriate authorities". Nothing happened — even when the memo was first published in *Eye* 796 in June 1992.

28 In 1992 Channel Four's *Despatches* broadcast a whole programme on Mark Thatcher and his defence connections. The programme quoted Howard Teicher, a former member of Ronald Reagan's national security council, as follows: "I read of Mark Thatcher's involvement in arms deals in diplomatic despatches from US embassies in Europe and Saudi Arabia."

29 The programme also showed a picture of the fashionable mansion in Belgravia owned by a Wafic Said company and made available to Mark Thatcher whenever he wanted it.

30 Mark Thatcher's public relations adviser in Britain is Sir Tim Bell, who has consistently denied Mark's involvement in "the rubbish about arms dealing and the rest of it".

IN THE kerfuffle over the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, no one has been more active in feeding pro-Charles stories to the press than his good chum Nicholas "Fatboy" Soames, former minister for overeating who is now in charge of the armed forces.

His reactions during a speech at the Bournemouth conference by health secretary Virginia Bottomley on family matters were thus worth noting.

"Parents know that, above all, children need affection and love" [Soames applauds]. "We dismiss stable family life at our peril" [even more vigorous applause]. "Parents have the fundamental responsibility to bring up their children" [even heartier applause from Soames]. "And the more you blame others the more you undermine that responsibility" [Soames, unable to contain himself, now bawls: "Hear, hear!"]

Obviously Mr Soames loyally reflects Prince Charles's views: if only Diana knew how he really felt.

FIRST came John De Lorean, who lost the government a few score million with his wild ideas for a super car. Then Learfan, Saddam's bright idea for a factory to help him out with his army-building. Finally Hualon, the great Taiwanese textile giant. All three prove the adage that if you want a lot of dosh out of the government for a worthless scheme, you've got to go to Northern Ireland to get it.

The papers are now full of the problems of the Taiwanese directors of Hualon — a story that first emerged in the *Eye* last November with the news that the cabinet was split on the project.

It was the old feud between Michael Heseltine at the board of trade, who supported the project, and Michael Portillo, then at the treasury, who did not. Heseltine won in the end, but only after securing the support of the cabinet office, which was represented at the early talks by civil servant Alan Mitchell.

The prime minister eventually threw his weight behind the project in the pathetic belief it might help him with the only triumph he has left: a possible settlement in Ireland. Alas, Hualon looks like more of a liability than an investment.

FROM Nimbyism to Yimbyism — Yes, In My Back Yard, please — and Mrs Madeleine Budgen, wife of that Tory MP with the funny spectacles, Nick Budgen, member for Wolverhampton South West.

She actually applied for planning permission to build 15 starter homes on land she owns near Lichfield in Staffordshire. Councillors gave her outline permission only to find that her splendid plans for an estate for young homeowners had mysteriously turned into plans for eight rather more expensive four-bedroomed "executive" homes and four starter nests.

Delighted villagers cheered, however, when councillors realised the, er, mistake and knocked back the application. The friendly Budgen clan are pressing on, however, filing a writ against neighbouring landowners Alan and Sharon Brear over who owns access to the land.

JOHN MAJOR's commitment to open government does not extend to the controversial issue of nuclear waste.

Under current environmental regulations, interested parties in public consultation exercises are supposed to have access to any relevant government-held information. But consultant John Large found the procedure was far from straightforward when he wrote to the environment department on 5 July to request 30 files relating to past radioactive waste policy and practice.

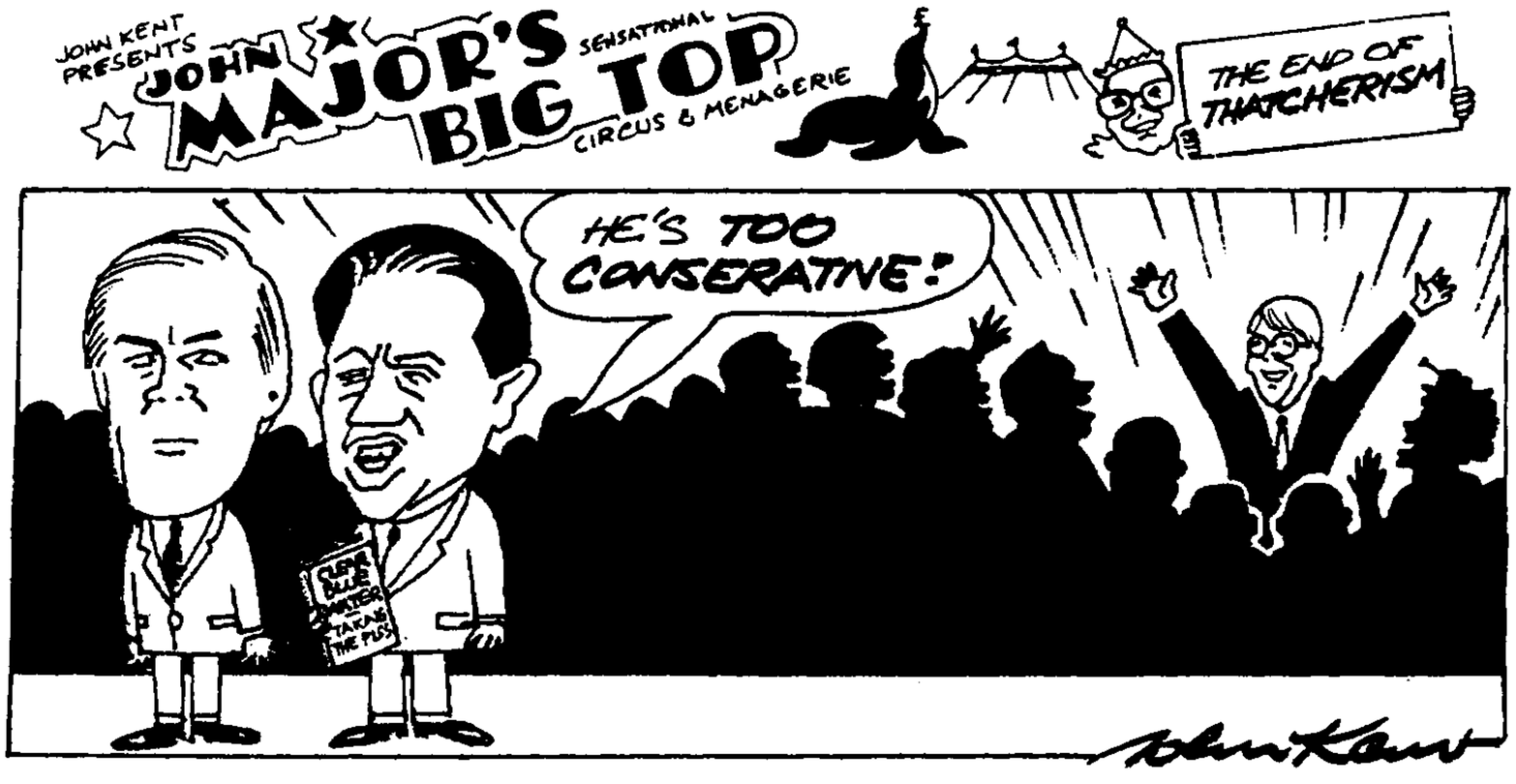
Large needed the information to complete a submission for a client to the government's radioactive waste review, evidence for which had to be in by the end of last week. He finally received a reply — on 30 September — from an R.E. Smith at HM inspectorate of pollution. The files he sought had been identified but before they could be released, inspectors would have to read them to excise material that was a) confidential, b) not relevant. This could take several hours per file, Smith said, and HMIP would charge the modest fee of £998 a day for the service.

Large, who reckoned the bill for all 30 files would total more than £17,000, said: "This is the way the government and civil servants are blocking access to information. You're paying them to censor what you can see."

BELATEDLY it seems to have dawned on Tory MP Spencer Batiste that his 3,000 majority in the West Yorkshire seat of Elmet is very marginal.

Voters in areas like Garforth are furious at the department of the environment allowing their homes to be blighted and children's health threatened by rampant opencast coal mining (*Eyes passim*). But for the past two years the anonymous Batiste's response to the growing local campaign has been one of silence.

Suddenly, at the beginning of October, he unexpectedly turned up at a 1,000 strong anti-opencast mining demonstration through Garforth and told organisers he was now against any further opencast applications.



O·B·N

If it came to a court case, Bloomsbury would depend on the evidence of one of the most hated men in the country, and probably the most despised; the plaintiff would be one of the best loved of women. As it happens, Major Hewitt is also very stupid, though undeniably attractive to women, while the Princess of Wales is highly intelligent and always gives a good account of herself.

WILLIAM REES-MOGG
The Times

Submitted by R.M. Phillips.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Unimpressed, the usually Tory-voting locals banned him from the march and refused him the right to speak. Determined to try to salvage some votes from the episode, the beleaguered Tory MP put his tale between his legs and staged an individual protest "walk" along the route of the demonstration.

'Backbiter'

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

AS FORECAST in the last *Eye*, Neil Kinnock, European commissioner-elect, has fought off foreign office attempts to stuff his private office in Brussels with deadbeat yespersons in thrall to Whitehall.

His *chef de cabinet* is the slow-speaking but acute Philip Lowe, who served under commissioners Alois Pfeiffer (RIP) and Bruce Millan. The number two is Daniel Jacob, a Belgian lawyer married to an English woman. Then there is Belinda Pyke, she of Numast (see *Eyes passim*); Jan Royall, who had the unenviable job of nannying the dimmer British Labour members of the Euro parliament; and Chris Boyd, who used to work for Frère Jacques Delors.

The sixth place is reserved for a boffin who can do joined up writing and explain the detail of whatever portfolio Kinnock is awarded in January.

Unlike the pale bureaucrats favoured by Whitehall who make up Leon Brittan's cabinet, all five Kinnock appointees are socialists who *believe* in things. This could prove interesting in the run-up to the inter-governmental conference — Maastricht II, as Michael Portillo calls it — as Britain's deep uncertainty over Europe goes to the top of the political agenda again.

FERRIES

THE comforting view that "tough" new rules have made British ferries safer than in poor old Scandanavia does not always match the facts.

One of the Swedish ships recently reported to have problems with its bow doors is the Stena Sega, which in February was plying its trade from Harwich under the proud patriotic name of Stena Britannica. The Mariella, whose bow doors failed between Stockholm and Helsinki in 1986, has an identical sister ship sailing from Portsmouth for P&O equally grandly named as the Pride of Bilbao.

PS: The name of the department of transport press officer who moved over to P&O not long after the Zeebrugge ferry disaster of 1987 was not David Deas, as reported in the last *Eye*. It was Alan George. Sorry, David.

JUST FANCY THAT

HOUSE PRICES RISE SAYS NATIONWIDE reported page three of the *Daily Telegraph*'s Saturday business section earlier this month.

Oh no they didn't, sais page six of the same section on the same day: "Nationwide Building Society said house prices fell 2.9 percent in September..."

With such accuracy who could believe the claim — in an article on parent Hollinger's offer to buy back half the Telegraph shares it sold in May — that The Telegraph was now displaying "underlying profitability"?

Street of Shame

SHARP as ever, the *Sunset Times* noted in its leader that its competitors would slam the Prince of Wales's admissions serialised in its pages. This would be wrong, it said grandly.

"We, who have read the entire book, would suggest others postpone their verdict until they have assessed all the evidence." Given that only 40 pages of the 600-page book are said to refer to the royal "marriage", how balanced an impression will readers glean from the *Sunset Times*'s serialisation?

Last week the Murdoch rag offered the "Prince's Agony"; next week it is "The Truth About Camilla". Presumably all the boring stuff about architecture, organic weeds and polo in the community will come the week after that — if Andrew Morton's new book on Diana isn't ready for serialisation in the *ST*.

Elsewhere in the Murdoch stable, the *Sun* said the prince's book was a "staggering breach of royal protocol and an affront to decent behaviour". Strange that the *Sun* should be so shocked having spent years printing the same snippets. Happily, the *Sun* kept is coverage low key, restricting it to pages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 16 and 17.

IT WAS revealed last week that when Mark Thatcher's wife Diane hired detectives to spy on her husband during a trip to London, they observed him spending an evening alone with Sarah Clemence, daughter of one Terence Clemence.

Terry Clemence, a former Cockney who now lives in Belgravia thanks to the success of his Mercedes dealership, was described last week as a "motor magnate", a "property tycoon" and a "millionaire". Several papers also noted that his daughter Claudia is married to the Hon Jonathan Harmsworth, son of Associated Newspapers' proprietor Lord Rothermere.

What they failed to mention, however, is that this alleged tycoon is in fact in "Individual Voluntary Arrangement" — an alternative to bankruptcy. He was forced into this sad state by a number of impatient creditors, including the Trust House Forte subsidiaries Mario & Franco and Brookes Hotels, from whom he had bought the Tiberio restaurant. Even his own solicitors, Reid Minty, joined the list of creditors, sacking him as a client when it became clear he could not pay their bills.

During the IVA court hearings, Clemence's pleas of penury were so impressive he was eventually awarded legal aid. But, you may ask, what about the Mercedes dealership? Must be worth a few bob, surely? It is indeed. But Terry had taken the wise precaution, some years earlier, of transferring 99 per cent of his shares in the business to his wife, and therefore beyond reach of his creditors.

Earlier this year a *Daily Express* hack who was investigating Terry's financial predicament made the mistake of ringing his son-in-law, Jonathan Harmsworth, who immediately rang Sir David English, who immediately rang *Express* editor Sir Nick Lloyd, who immediately spiked the story. Since then, Fleet Street has maintained a commendable discretion, never mentioning that the "millionaire magnate" is also a near-bankrupt who doesn't pay his bills.

THE alarmingly red-faced antipodean hack Paul Halloran, who has just completed a biography of Mark Thatcher, has declared war on one of the newspapers which employs his services, the *Observer*.

He is, it seems, dissatisfied with a cheque for £200 he received in return for a recent tip-off which appeared in the paper's business section. He returned the cheque torn into little pieces. "Two hundred quid? You can kiss my arse!" was his blunt message to the *Observer*'s executive editor Mark Rosselli. He also threatened to advertise that fact that the paper was paying "only" £200 for stories.

In return, Rosselli threatened to inform the world that a year ago he had paid Halloran no less than £1,400 in return for a promised "scoop" about Mark Thatcher which completely failed to materialise.

This has merely redoubled Halloran's fury. "You'd better watch out, Rosselli," he warned last week. "I know where you live."

THE London *Evening Standard* is, alas, not a happy ship. Marcus Scriven, the absurdly snooty former army officer who edits "Londoner's Diary" (see Hackwatch), has fallen out with his equally preposterous deputy, failed nightclub crooner Christopher Silvester.

The first sign of storms ahead came three weeks ago when Silvester wrote a diary report about a party given by his friend Janine Di Giovanni, the distinguished war correspondent, without mentioning the only exciting aspect of the evening — a fist-fight between two hacks. Enraged by Silvester's self-censorship, Scriven retaliated by printing a detailed account of the punch-up — adding, for good measure, plenty of nudge-nudge sexual innuendo about the many war reporters who had shared Di Giovanni's "slit trench".

Silvester then took himself off to Blackpool for the Labour conference, where, on behalf of Londoner's Diary, he hosted a dinner for several Scottish MPs. Alas when the bill was presented Silvester announced — not for the first time in his life — that he was financially embarrassed and could not pay. (His colleague Stephen Glover had to step in to bale out the hapless host.)

Scriven immediately suspended his deputy for a week, accusing him of grossly unprofessional conduct.

Silvester has now returned to work, looking suitably chastened, but it is clear that a further eruption cannot long be postponed. Hacks at the *Standard* are now taking bets on which of the two dreary diarists will still be there by Christmas.

"We taught him not to beg"

THE *SUN* has completely cocked up an insurance offer it cooked up with the Norwich Union.

Last month it carried a 12-page "money" supplement, three pages of which (including the front) endorsed "another great *Sun* offer — insure your family for less than a fiver a month".

Due to a technical balls-up Mike Ridley's objective copy ("your caring *Sun*... value for money... unbeatable policy... etc") failed in some regional editions to mention that while the total pay out for an insured reader's permanent disablement is £25,000, this only applies to accidents involving a motor vehicle. The same fate resulting from any other accident yields £10,000.

Even worse, while accidental death of a policyholder involving a motor vehicle brings in £2,500 for the grieving relatives, the same life lost through any other kind of accident is worth just £1,000. Not the biggest bargain in insurance history after all.

The omission of full details also contravened various boring laws regulating financial services, advertising descriptions, etc, but by the time Norwich Union realised all was not well with the *Sun*'s promo copy, thousands of readers had already sent in completed applications.

Because some were made on the basis of incomplete information, the insurance company couldn't legally accept any of them. An expensive salvage operation has been launched — let's hope the *Sun* wasn't insured.

BIRTSPEAK now has a rival — Bellspeak, named after the *Financial Times*'s chief executive David Bell. Here, in all its glory, is a memo sent by the great man to *FT* galley-slaves last week:

"Following my presentations to staff earlier in the year some of you made suggestions concerning the wording of our mission statement. Having taken those suggestions into account we have decided to make a slight amendment to the statement.

"The mission statement now says: 'Our aim is to deliver to our customers the best worldwide business information, analysis and comment.'

"I would like to thank the following people in particular for their contribution to the mission statement: James Arscott, Online Products Division; Laurence Rolph, Market Research; Pat Harding, The International; Simon Henderson, Newsletters; Ian Holdsworth, Editorial; Robin Adamson, Advertising; Philippe de Norman, *FT* (Benelux).

If it takes at least eight *FT* executives to compose a simple sentence, how many of them does it take to change a lightbulb?

JULIE BURCHILL's *Modern Review* magazine recently commissioned an article on Rupert Murdoch's American media interests from a journalist at the showbiz paper *Variety*.

When the piece was submitted, however, the author received a call from corpulent *Modern Review* editor Toby Young telling him it would not be published after all. The writer had apparently been too hard on dear old Rupe for *MR*'s taste.

By a strange coincidence, a regular full-page advert appears in *Modern Review* from the *Sunday Times* (prop: R. Murdoch).

By an even stranger coincidence, the new issue of *Vanity Fair* carries a sympathetic article about Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neil, editor *in absentia* of the *Sunday Times*. The author is none other than Toby Young.

BRENDAN PARSONS, deputy editor of the *Daily Mirror*, has a hard-earned reputation for being a sleazy megalomaniac. (His nickname in the office is "Chucky": after the character in that jolly family film, *Childsplay*.)

An illustration of his credentials came recently during a meeting with the *Mirror*'s medical corr, Jill Palmer. She was talking about an article on the success of cervical smear tests when Parsons asked how you "catch" cervical cancer. When told that smoking and sex increased the chances of contracting the disease, Parsons roared with laughter and advised Palmer to turn the story round: why should the goverment pay for screening women who smoke and shag too much?

Chucky's way of thinking has become too much for Griffin, the tabloid's cartoonist. He drew a Tory party conference cartoon a few days back with the message: "It seems the Tories are playing on the sleaze factor this year." It pictured Major at the conference podium alongside Mrs Thatcher, her son Mark, Mistress Whiplash, Jeffrey Archer and — in the midst of this sordid line-up — Brendan Parsons himself.

The irony is that Parsons vets the cartoons but failed to recognise his own caricature. His wife isn't so dim; and when she pointed out the similarity Parsons, in renowned fashion, hit the roof.

IN MONDAY's *Daily Telegraph*, good old Bill Deedes was wheeled out to ruminate on the Dimbleby book. His conclusion: "I am left with one thought uppermost. It is whether an absentee landlord like Rupert Murdoch of News International should have so much ordering of our estate."

One can only assume Deedes had forgotten that the *Telegraph*'s owner, Conrad "the Montreal Moosehead" Black, is no more of an Englishman than Rupert Murdoch.

● Talking of the *Telegraph*, we ought to correct a story in our last issue. We suggested that the paper's deputy editor, Simon Heffer, had directly inspired an article by *Evening Standard* media commentator Stephen Glover about the *Telegraph*", and that Heffer himself had admitted his involvement, and had subsequently been carpeted by Conrad Black. Not true. We would offer Mr Heffer an apology but then he might want one for his close (and innocent) friend Jeffrey Archer. Perhaps this will do.

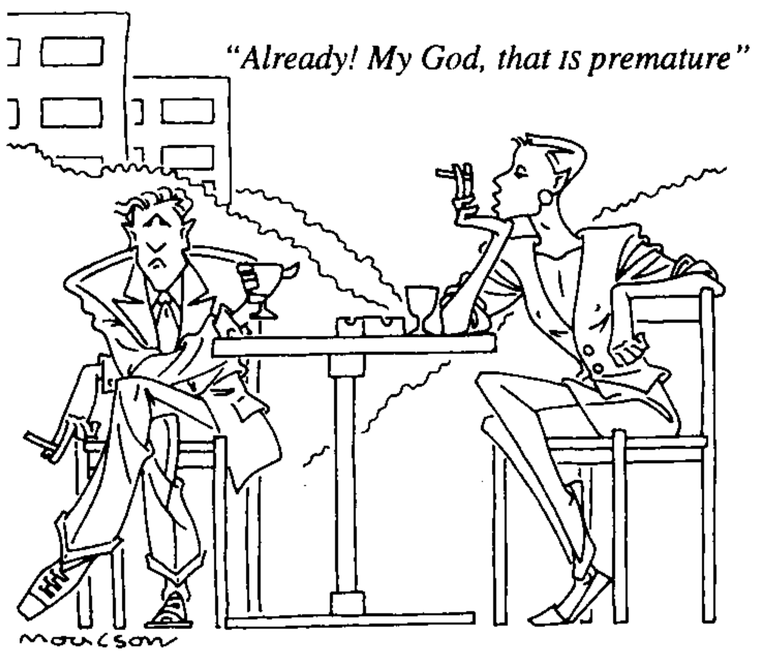
HALLO!

HALLO! POOR Diane Thatcher, Mark's deliciously devout Texan wife, who has been having a trying time recently both with her husband and with the press.

Happily, she has been greatly comforted to find a person who is sympathetic to her predicament: she tells me she has made the acquaintance of one Paul Halloran, a charming New Zealander, who hangs on her every word. Talking to him, she feels, is a valuable form of therapy.

Surely this cannot be the same Paul Halloran who has had the impudence to write a highly "unauthorised" biography of Mark Thatcher, which is due out shortly? The same Halloran who introduced David Mellor to Antonia de Sancha, with the ghastly consequences that we remember all too well?

No, I feel sure it cannot be: no one has ever described that Halloran as charming.



HALLO! TO THE Booker prize beano, where the Marquesa's male walker attends the gentleman's lavatory and overhears an exchange between the winner, Scottish mystic James Kelman, and the famous recluse Salman Rushdie.

Slightly the worse for wear but in convivial mood, Kelman, noting Rushdie in the next stall, felt that he should say something.

"Shalman," he muttered, patting the King of Letters on his back, "I want to express my solidarity with you and..."

"I have no desire to express any solidarity with you," replied Salman tartly as he zipped up his trousers and walked out.

What could be behind this outburst? Could it be an old Kelman review of a Rushdie novel, in which the Scotsman accused the Anglo-Indian of being a "wee bit racist" in his depiction of the Scots in India?

HALLO! THE Marquesa awaits an invitation to the White House from her old friend Arianna Stassinopoulos, who has already prompted her idiot billionaire husband Michael Huffington to shell out millions and millions of dollars to buy the California senate seat.

Cheap cracks are made about Arianna's devotion to a mystical cult whose message is: "Exercise, have a massage, get your hair gone, buy a new outfit." But the Marquesa has faith in her abilities.

And how do we know Arianna will stop at nothing? Days before she left Britain to conquer the US, we sat wedged between La Stupenda and Fleet Street's Sir John Junor. I was almost crushed as the busty lass leaned across to breathe huskily at a mesmerised Sir John: "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac, don't you think?"

The heartwarming column

HALLO! TO BREAKFAST with Sir David Frost, who confides that he's trying to persuade Ernest Saunders to share the secrets of his Lourdes-style recovery from the normally debilitating Alzheimer's Disease.

Sir David shows Hallo! his charming letter to Ernest, the Guinness genius: "It is wonderful to hear that you have recovered from the terrible disease with which you have been afflicted and that your renowned acuity and mental powers are fully restored. It would be most enlightening to hear you speak of your recovery and hopes for the future."

What an inspirational story it make for the criminal classes who tune into the BBC every Sunday to have *Breakfast With Frost*!

HALLO! POOR Anna Pasternak. Just because she's written an immortal love story and made a fortune, other less talented hacks think they can be beastly to her (she's now known as "Desperate Dan-na" due to her resemblance to the great lantern-jawed, cowpie-eating cowboy).

Something called Taki even confessed in *The Spectator*: "I introduced her to a great friend of mine who serviced her for a while..."

We don't know what "service" he thinks Christopher Gilmour, the restaurateur son of the former cabinet minister, could possibly have offered this frightful Russian harpy, but it is good to see that Taki won't betray friends like that bounder Hewitt.

HALLO! *TO Bournemouth for the triumphant Tory party conference, where the brilliant former chancellor Norman Lamont rants on about filthy foreigners. Norman certainly knows his oats on this one, for many of his chums are called Olga.*

I shan't mention Lord Forte's lissome daughter, the Hon Olga Polizzi, for whom Norman acquired a mysterious late-night black eye. But what of the brilliant Yugoslavian MP for Sutton and Cheam, Lady Olga Maitland? Norman, I gather, once chased the lass around her own kitchen table!

"Rubbish!" shrieks Lady Olga. "Norman arrived out of the blue one night, four sheets to the wind. I gave him several very black coffees, we discussed the European exchange rate mechanism for 20 minutes, then I sent him packing."

HALLO! THE small matter of a brutal double murder charge has not cramped the commercial activities of O.J. "The Juice" Simpson.

Still, we were taken aback to see his smiling face adorning an advert in Marvel Comics' *Avengers* magazine, endorsing the speedy qualities of Spot-bilt sports shoes.

Apparently Spot-bilt give one "extra step when you're on the spot"; but the copywriter went a little too far. As the world saw on TV, O.J. could only live up partially to his own cynical copyline of "Show them your heels".

HALLO! *A HEARTWARMING encounter at Euston Station where a tiny black skirt, lush coiffure and an unmistakeable embonpoint hove into view, heralding the eventual arrival of Britain's most glamorous fiftysomething, Eve Pollard!*

La Bollard, now tragically lost to Fleet Street, is also wearing six-inch platform heels à là Naomi Campbell. But they are clearly newly-purchased. For as La Bollard embarks upon the long rubberised ramp going down towards the platform, she begins to slide forward, quite unable to stop herself.

My heart is in my mouth as the topheavy glamourpuss glides towards the tracks, as unstoppable as a battleship on a slipway. But then I discover there is a God after all! A set of robust buffers prevents La Bollard from falling on to the tracks — and we breath a sigh of relief.

The Marquesa

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

IN ALL the recent stories on administrative meltdown at the LPO, no one has commented on the long-running power struggle between trust chairman Elliott Bernerd and David Marcou, deputy managing director.

In 1992, the orchestra's board forced the resignation of John Willan, then md. In this it was bitterly opposed by Bernerd and by David Mellor, the minister for fun and frolics, both close friends of Willan, and by his placemen on the trust. So when Marcou, a long-serving board member and former chairman, applied for Willan's job with strong support from the players, the trust, which loathed "player-power", saw to it that he failed.

Into the md post came Chris "Billy Bunter" Lawrence. But he was soon at loggerheads with Bernerd. Marcou was able to wangle the job of deputy chairman, and much like Deng Xiaoping remained the power behind the throne.

Since then the story has resembled gang warfare. Marcou's forces, represented by the players and "Billy Bunter", versus the trust which thinks it would make a better job of running the orchestra by itself with Bernerd as executive chairman. Well, it could hardly do any worse, could it? For while the battle raged the orchestra was running up the debts of nearly £1 million that now threaten its existence. However, to be fair to Marcou it was Willan who negotiated the poor deal with "Abominable's" South Bank Centre in return for the residency which has reduced them to this desperate state.

The orchestra was left with two options: to support Marcou, in which case the trust resigned, taking with it all remaining hope of financial salvation; or to allow Bernerd to exact his price for remaining, which was him as supremo and the heads of "Billy Bunter" and Marcou on a stake. In the event, the orchestra decided the first was least worst, and most trustees, including Bernerd, resigned.

But who will save the orchestra now? It still has vast debts and has lost the powerful backers who both bankrolled the operation and whose lobbying in high places secured the South Bank residency and rescued its Arts Council grant after Sir Leonard Hoffman's review in 1993.

ANAGRAM PRIZE

THE winner of *Private Eye*'s Grand Taki Anagram Prize — OO! OLD ROUE HACK PAST IT — was Bob Gibson of London NW5.

TV

Knowing Me, Knowing You
The Moral Maze
Loose Talk
(all BBC2)

THE controller of BBC2, Michael Jackson, is currently learning a lesson in mathematics: it is that 4 into 2 doesn't go. All three programmes under review this week are transfers from Radio 4 to BBC2. All three are mistakes, though of differing degrees of seriousness.

What is happening, though, is a classic piece of BBC management, in which behaviour during one period consists entirely of avoiding perceived mistakes made in a previous period. In the last few years, ITV and Channel 4 have had a number of hits with series adapted from shows on old steam Radio 4: the third channel snatched the sit-coms *After Henry* and *Second Thoughts*, and the fourth channel snaffled the impro-show *Whose Line Is It, Anyway?*

This fact was often used by commentators to criticise the lack of vision of the modern (which was to say, Birtist) BBC. The corporation, they liked to say, was using the licence fee — or at least the bit of it going to Radio 4 — as development money for independent producers.

This accusation stung a BBC obsessed with media comment, and so a new policy was instituted. No other broadcaster in Britain would now beat BBC Television at turning radio series into TV ones. Anything cropping up on the wireless would have pictures attached to it within months. Realistically BBC2 was the only plausible home for Radio 4 shows; and so the scheduling of the second television channel became mainly a matter of reading the radio pages of the *Radio Times*.

The problem was that fear of losing the formats to other channels overruled judgment of whether the projects were suitable for adaptation. For example, **Knowing Me, Knowing You**, with Steve Coogan as the prattish broadcaster Alan Partridge, was a brilliant radio idea which is now dying before the eyes of the television audience.

On radio, the concept had an edge of the surreal. There is no such thing as a networked national radio chat-show, so the idea of a nerdish East Anglian sports broadcaster presenting one was a marvellous fantasy. Because of this, there were no rules of reality. A show could collapse into the kind of chaos impossible in professional broadcasting without disbelief being suspended.

For example, when Partridge hit the child genius, the joy of the joke was only realising what had happened when the boy yelped.

On TV, where the viewers have in their heads numerous models of actual talk-shows, the gags become less happy. References seem more specific. Two critics have even seen the whole thing as a send-up of the presentational skills of Alan Titchmarsh, an enterprise which would surely amount to a satirical sledgehammer to crack a peanut.

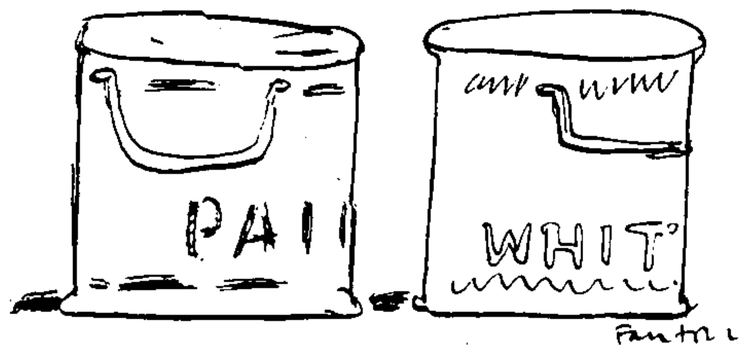
Assumed to be more specific, the joke against the TV talk-show can really only work once, as a similar enterprise involving Dame Edna Everage also proved. The key to the far more successful American import *The Larry Sanders Show* is that the sit-com is set 80 per cent behind the scenes of Larry's talk-show. The eye is also constantly aware — as the mind's eye never was — that Steve Coogan is years too young to embody Partridge's CV and that Patrick Marber and the gang play a different one of the guests each week.

The Moral Maze, another Radio 4 import, also suffers from the unforgiving gaze of the camera. There were two obvious reasons this series should never have been moved. The first was that it was the ultimate Radio 4 series: an array of middle-brow opinions offered around the breakfast table for later use around the dinner table. The second was that its regular panellists were kept on the radio under a kind of witness protection scheme, providing regular broadcasting slots for those visually unsuited to TV.

Taking the programme away from its natural audience, and the broadcasters away from their natural environment, BBC2 managed to schedule the recordings for a Sabbath time when one panellist, Rabbi Hugo Gryn, wasn't allowed out of his house. Don't be surprised if the series ends with the gang discussing cultural insensitivity or, moreover, the differences between radio and TV.

Loose Talk — a disastrous "Comedy Question Time" — is simply proof that anything at all from Radio 4 has a chance of making it to the screen, although the joke at TV Centre is that Michael Jackson thought he was buying *Loose Ends*.

'Square Eyes'



"I like you, Steve, but you're not in touch with your emulsions"

FOLLOWING the recent decision to divide the BBC World Service into six "vernacular" (ie, foreign) and two English regions, a competition was held to find an alternative title for the technical operators, currently known as studio managers. Prize: a bottle of champagne to the winner.

In the event, eight people came up with the same title, chosen after a departmental ballot. So, instead of the proffered bubbly, each was awarded a £5 Oddbins gift voucher, together with a letter of congratulations and thanks.

And what is the exciting new title? "Studio Manager."

THE *Eye* was delighted to be a fly on the wall at an early morning meeting with David Jordan, recently moved from editing *On The Record* to chief political adviser to the BBC — or a "pillar of the corporation's impartiality" as a spokesman put it.

"Now that Birt's realised his old friend Blair's going to be prime minister," Jordan told colleagues, "we've got to be polite to the Labour party." Warming to his theme, he recalled his time on *Panorama*: "I used to get notes from Birt telling me what to make programmes on and I had to deal with hundreds of his creepy letters to MPs and peers." All entirely impartial, no doubt.

As evidence of his own balance, Jordan adds: "One of this country's problems is that many of the black working classes have no idea that they need an education at all." Licence-payers will no doubt sleep easier knowing that Auntie's reputation is safe in his hands.

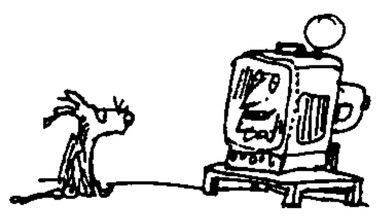
BOTTOMS UP to Hugh Johnson, the renowned wine writer who sips (*sic*) on the board of the grandly named Royal Tokay Wine Company, which sells several types of the Hungarian dessert wine.

In the new *Hugh Johnson World Atlas of Wine*, the great drinker includes a vastly expanded section on this little known Hungarian wine, eloquently comparing it to such classics as Yquem. "Estate bottled Tokays are again on the market and the names of the first growths will again become familiar. It is an exciting prospect." Well it is if you are involved in a Tokay company.

In his *Pocket Guide to Wine*, where Johnson is described as "the world's favourite writer on wine", he again extols the virtues of Tokay, referring to it an astonishing 10 times compared to eight mentions for the best-selling Chardonnay. Strangely, he fails to mention his vested interest at any stage in his laudatory passages. Why ever not, one wonders.

● *See Letters, page 16.*

MEDIA NEWS

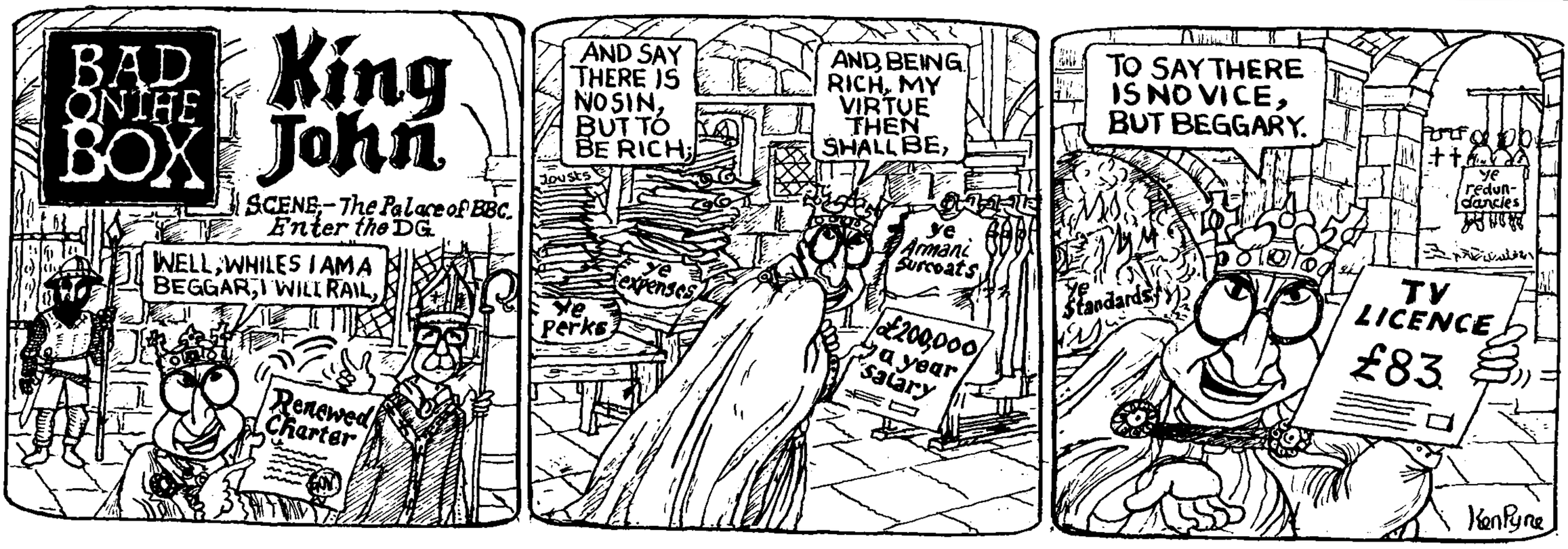


THE LATEST sign of despair at the BBC was the absence, earlier this month, of the letters page from the corporation's in-house newspaper *Ariel*, popularly known as *Pravda*.

Although the editor has made strenuous efforts to persuade people they are safe to criticise the BBC (in spite of Mark Tully's experience), the letters have been getting fewer and more boring for some time; now, it seems, they have dried up altogether.

Never mind: staff do still have the chance to air their views in the exciting "Extending Choice" workshops. Two weeks ago *Ariel* carried a report of the following discussion in one workshop. Q: "Morale is at rock bottom. How can you convince us that we are valued members of the organisation?" A: "...We should not forget that many members of staff are doing very fine work of which they feel justifiably proud, and it is not true to say that their morale is low..."

Who needs to write to *Ariel* when employees can participate in such worthwhile exchanges as this?


BAD ON THE BOX
King John
SCENE:- The Palace of BBC. Enter the DG.
WELL, WHILES I AM A BEGGAR, I WILL RAIL,
Renewed Charter
AND SAY THERE IS NO SIN, BUT TO BE RICH;
AND, BEING RICH, MY VIRTUE THEN SHALL BE,
ye Perks
ye expenses
ye Armani Surcoats
£200,000 a year salary
TO SAY THERE IS NO VICE, BUT BEGGARY.
ye Standards
ye redundancies
TV LICENCE £83
Ken Pyne

LYNNE FRANKS, public relations person and Radio Viva supremo, is a busy woman.

But despite all the column inches she generates, almost nothing has been written or said about the amazing conflict of interest that followed the Radio Authority's decision to give Radio Viva a licence for the London area.

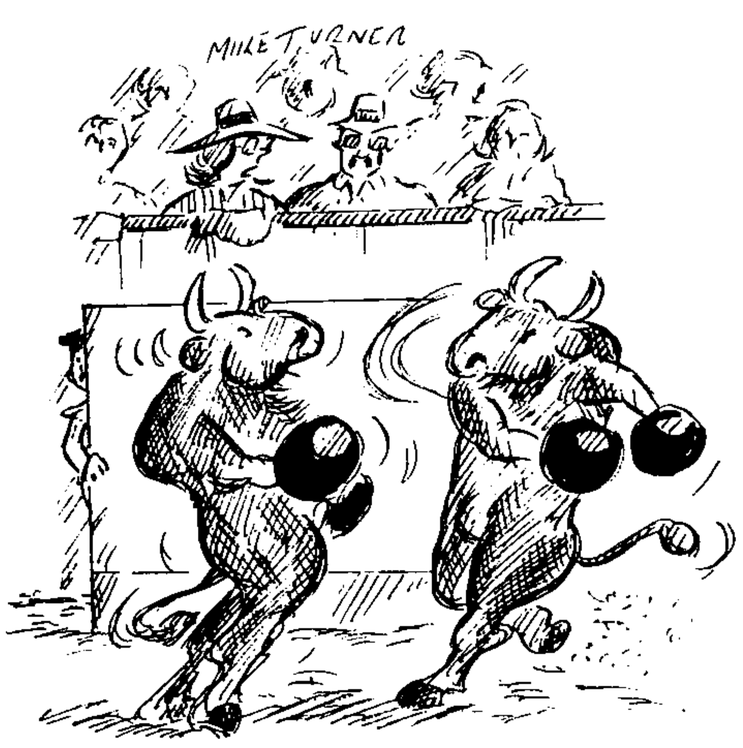
Viva's successful bid was headed by the ubiquitous PR consultant who, when launching the station last April, promised it would be "a radio station of its time... it will be sexy, create comment, will have a view and will play excellent contemporary music".

This sounds suspiciously like Matthew Bannister's contemporary music and speech 1FM (formerly BBC Radio One); and Bannister will be able to discuss the similarities between his licence fee-funded network and the commercial Viva next time Franks visits his office in Broadcasting House.

Back in August (see *Eye* 853), Bannister hired Franks's PR firm to try to win some favourable publicity for the increasingly unpopular station (now lagging behind Radio 2 in the national ratings and virtually unlistened to in major cities, especially London, Manchester and Glasgow).

As the *Eye* said, the first Franks-inspired stunt was a cross-promotion with the *Sun*, involving the newspaper's readers attending 1FM board meetings accompanied by various PRs and showbiz hacks. Other attempts to gain favourable press are in the pipeline, although the obvious solution — to reverse Bannister's dire programming policy and regain some of the lost listeners — is presumably insufficiently complicated or expensive compared to hiring the PR firm which inspired *Absolutely Fabulous*.

Of course to plan media offensives on behalf of its client, Lynne Franks PR Ltd will need access to all 1FM's future plans, including new programme schedules and marketing campaigns. Naturally, Lynne Franks, head of Lynne Franks PR, will maintain a professional distance from Lynne Franks, Radio Viva supremo.



"My God, it's even more barbaric than I thought!"

TRAGIC news for Britain's self-styled most-influential film essayist, Julie Burchill.

The *Sunset Times* cineaste has long wanted to see her name on the big screen, rather than simply as a by-line wedged between those of Michael Winner and Gilbert someone or other in the *ST*'s "culcha" section.

Sadly none of the major Hollywood studios felt able to help, and her efforts to break into the movies were also spurned by the British film and TV industry. Ironically, given her apparently incurable xenophobia, Burchill was offered an entry into the glamorous world of film by the incredibly well-known German company, Cat Features Spielfilm Produktion. The cats at Cat picked up the rights to her hugely witty shoppin' and fuckin' novel *Ambition* and were due to start filming in the new year. Alas the $6 million movie has been abandoned after creditors forced Cat into bankruptcy.

The novel was dedicated to "SD, my BF" — a reference to Susan Douglas, Burchill's best, er, friend. Can't Douglas, who has such a close working relationship with Rupert Murdoch, prevail on her boss to order his 20th Century Fox subsidiary to rescue *Ambition* from the receivers?

HACKWATCH

LONDONER'S DIARY

IN THE 1920s, the *Daily Express* ran a daily column of social chit-chat called "The Talk of London", which was filled with drivelling, sycophantic items about obscure peers and witless debutantes.

"The most important of last night's dances," a typical story began, "was that given by Lady Newborough at her house on Bruton-street." Eventually the paper's owner, Lord Beaverbrook, could take no more. "Goddamit!" he bawled at the column's editor, Colonel Percy Sewell. "Write about people who *do* things — who do real work — not about these worthless social parasites and butterflies." The Talk of London was closed down shortly afterwards. "Social chatter about the eccentricities of gilded half-wits is dead," the *Express* announced.

Oh no it isn't. More than 60 years on, the antiquated style and limited vision of The Talk of London have found a new resting place in another of Lord Beaverbrook's old newspapers, the London *Evening Standard*. The recently-appointed editor of the *Standard*'s "Londoner's Diary", Marcus Scriven, is — like Colonel Sewell — a retired army officer. He is also a crashing snob.

It seems unlikely that many *Standard* readers share Scriven's slavering obsession with aristocrats and their hangers-on. But until his editor, Stewart Steven, summons up the courage to issue a Beaverbrookian rebuke, the torrent of tosh will continue unabated. Here are a few samples:

6 September: To mark the start of the Michaelmas term at Eton, Scriven — aka "The Londoner" — drools over the grandness of the school's pupils. "They include the Hon Edward Sackville, son of Earl De La Warr; the Marquess of Bowmont and Cessford, the Duke of Roxburghe's heir; the Hon Nicholas Knatchbull, Lord and Lady Romsey's boy; the Hon James Astor, Viscount Astor's son; Gerald Wellesley, grandson of the Duke of Wellington; and Roger Walpole, eldest son of Lord Walpole's second marriage."

Elsewhere in the column, he quotes the 80-year-old Lord Dormer on the ever-fascinating subject of shooting. "I have not shot with anything smaller than a 12-bore since I was 18," his lordship reveals.

7 September: "My congratulations to Count Yves-Thibault de Silguy. A keen huntsman and sailor, he is, of course, one of France's new European Commissioners." The delighted Londoner also notes that one of the guests at Naomi Campbell's launch party for her new novel was the Duke of Northumberland, "arguably Britain's most eligible nobleman".

8 September: "To Cerruti 1881, New Bond Street, where the Duke of Northumberland... joined a *melange* of cineastes, including Andrew Sinclair and Sonia [Lady] Melchett, for a glass of champagne before heading down to BAFTA's Piccadilly headquarters for a special screening of *Clear and Present Danger*."

9 September: A recent shopping trip to London by the Hon David Herbert, 86, was marred when Marks & Spencer declined to let him pay by credit card. "Herbert explained that his nephew was the Earl of Pembroke and his address was Wilton House, but to no avail," the outraged Londoner reports.

13 September: "Do not be surprised should you bump into the Earl of Erne's daughter, Lady Tara Loyd, tonight, to find her dewy-eyed with emotion. For today all the most prized artefacts from her old school, St Michael's, Burton Park, were auctioned off..."

14 September: The auction habit is catching: today, Lord Harlech is selling off Pentredaffyd Farm, "a 175-acre property which forms part of Borgyntyn, his 8,000 acre estate on the Shropshire-North Wales border". Meanwhile, news has also arrived from Syon Park, "the Duke of Northumberland's sublime London seat": the hot weather has killed some of the trout in his fishing lake.

16 September: Yet another scoop: Viscount Linley's wife, Serena, has persuaded him "to have his hair cut at a 'hair dressing salon': Stannard and Slingsby of Kensington".

19 September: There are a thousand stories in the naked city, but somehow none of them seems to reach Londoner's Diary. Instead, it informs us that Lord Horder — "son of the 1st Lord Horder (the Queen's former royal physician)" — has proposed that the London Library should subscribe to the *Bookseller* magazine. Oh, and survivors of the destroyer HMS Quorn, sunk 50 years ago, have attended a reception given in their honour by the Quorn Hunt — "with," the Londoner adds breathlessly, "Lord Crawshaw, the hunt's chairman of 20 years, also in attendance".

21 September: "To the Royal Auping showrooms in Baker Street last night for the launch of Komfortabel Royal, a bed with an adjustable temperature, produced by the Dutch Bed Company. Model Valerie Campbell, mother of Naomi, tried out the bed and other guests included her companion the Duke of Northumberland."

27 September: A sombre moment. "My sympathies today are with the relics of the Imperial House of Prussia, whose head, Prince Louis Ferdinand (pictured, below left, on his wedding day, with his grandfather Kaiser Wilhelm), has died at 86." Meanwhile, the Londoner mentions a forthcoming conference to launch the report of the Commission on Social Justice. A bit off his usual beat, surely? All is explained: the conference will be attended by *Big Issue* editor John Bird, who is of course the "son-in-law of Sir Robert Cornwallis Gerald St Leger Ricketts, seventh baronet."

28 September: "To the Osborne Studio Gallery, Cork Street, for an exhibition of 'Aninalier Sculpture with Working Drawings'." Guests at the party included Lord Moyne and Lord Erskine of Errick. If anyone else attended, we are not told about them; presumably they didn't have titles. Elsewhere in the column, we learn that a young woman from west London has a job as assistant producer on a film being shot in Eire. Why the interest? She is Lady Kate Douglas, daughter of the 8th Marquess of Queensberry.

29 September: "Do not be surprised if the dowagers of Belgravia appear misty-eyed with grief," *Evening Standard* readers are warned. "Justin de Blank, who has supplied them with cleverly sauced chicken breasts and fine cheeses for many a year, has reluctantly abandoned his Elizabeth Street shop."

30 September: Joss Hanbury, the former senior master of the Quorn Hunt, "has, I hear, just been appointed field master of a neighbouring pack, the Cottesmore".

3 October: "The many friends and admirers of the late Major William Loyd — the polo champion, polo writer and military historian — may be slightly comforted to learn that just before his untimely death in July, aged only 56, he managed to complete a novel."

5 October: Lord and Lady Tryon, we are informed, recently "had one of the first shoots of the season at Ogbury House, Lord T's 2,000 acre Wiltshire estate. All went well until one of the guns (not Lord T) went for a low bird — rather too low, it transpired, for two beaters whose heads were peppered with lead." Hilarious!

7 October: "To Sotheby's for a private view of some of the photographs which embellish *Great Houses of England and Wales*, a new, abdomen-crushing book by Christopher Simon Sykes and the supreme obituarist Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd, who was in the mood to reminisce about an earlier, more decorous era. 'Tredegar House, Gwent,' he assured me, 'once housed a menagerie collected by Ivan, the third Baron Tredegar, who had a particular affinity with birds.' "

10 October: Still in reminiscent mood, the Londoner suggests that "in a more seemly age, Archduke Karl von Habsburg would have had a useful inheritance to look forward to." Instead, the archduke is standing as an independent candidate in the Austrian elections.

13 October: On a visit to the Conservative conference, the Londoner is thrilled to find a kindred spirit: "Temporarily suspending his interest in ancestor-worship, Lord Sudeley has been in Bournemouth, trying to inject flair and robustness into the Tory Party conference."

14 October: Yet another plug for Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd, who "descended on Sotheby's auction house last night to celebrate the publication of his book *Great Houses of England and Wales*, in the company of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Camoys and other adornments of the peerage". Toffs! Don'tcha love 'em?

DOING THE ROUNDS

THE pigmented lesion clinic at Bristol's Frenchay *healthcare* NHS trust has sent a memo to all GPs within Avon FHSA.

"Moles cannot be excised for cosmetic or other non-malignant reasons (except for GP fundholders via the normal outpatient clinic)." No hint of two-tiers there.

● AT **Worcester Royal Infirmary NHS trust** (projected end of year profit: minus £2.5 million), 28 jobs have vanished from estates, catering and support services; 10 personnel have been "redeployed" and a further 50 are expected to fall prey to "natural wastage". Redundant staff have, however, been offered counselling.

● AT **LONDON's** impecunious **Hammersmith hospitals NHS trust** (incorporating rival **Charing Cross hospital**), fire safety officer R. Wood has sent a memo to all heads of department: "Due to redundancy, all fire training, including Springfield courses, are cancelled with effect from October 1." Is this penny pinching or a cunning plan to get rid of Charing Cross?

● THE **Wellhouse ("aka Shithouse") NHS trust** has dismantled its particularly fine ophthalmology service. Headed by Miss Valfidis, the four-consultant team offered patients a precise operation date well in advance. However, her attempts to develop the service further were spurned by the trust managers and all four consultants left to work at the **Central Middlesex hospital**. Their offers to continue their work at the Shithouse on a contractual basis have been rejected. The ophthalmology service is now being provided by a single consultant and two intermittent locums.

● TOM PINDAR, chairman of **Scarborough NHS trust**, demonstrated his remarkable insight into mental illness by making an amusing "Heil Hitler" jest to an elderly German schizophrenic woman. Mr Pindar has agreed to apologise but not to resign.

● MRS D. ORLEY, general services manager of **Taunton and Somerset NHS trust**, prides herself on keeping local GPs abreast of what's happening to their patients. "Dear Dr, due to a backlog of paperwork we will not be preparing a discharge summary on the above patient. If you wish to clarify any specific points relating to your patient, please do not hesitate to contact us."

● **DONCASTER health authority** has agreed to give £20,000 over two years to its local rugby league team (uncannily nicknamed "The Dons") in return for guest appearances in schools and hospitals by local heroes "to promote drug awareness and clean living". Gail Stafford, Doncaster's health project manager, presumably has some evidence that handing out taxpayers' money to professional rugby players will improve the health of the community — and the players presumably won't do this sort of thing for free.

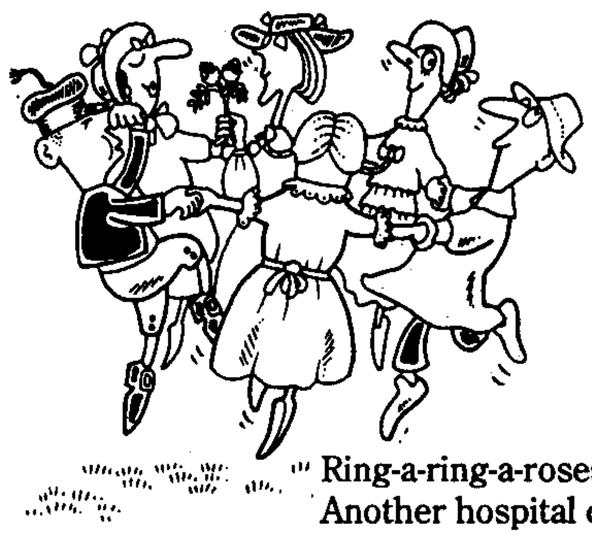
● **ESSEX FHSA** has been peddling an unusual computer system to GPs and offering some a 100 percent reimbursement if they purchased their software and hardware from "GP Solutions". The source has now gone bust and left the GPs high and dry without maintenance, updates or modern links to the FHSA. Quite why the GPs were encouraged to use an unaccredited system is unclear, but M.D. would be interested to hear more about Essex FHSA and GP Solutions.

● ANDREW MORRIS, chief executive of **Frimley Park NHS trust**, ordered a Bank Holiday raid to shut the hospital's social club to make way for a £4 million building project. He later discovered that the League of Friends had paid for three quarters of the club and he has now offered £23,000 compensation. Mr Morris now plans to build a new social club... without a bar. As he put it: "We are not unreasonable..."

● IN **BIRMINGHAM**, a £20 million GP fundholding consortium has collapsed after six months when 16 of the 24 practices withdrew. **Sandwell healthplan** got off to a rocky start in April when it rented offices from Sandwell FHSA manager Athelston Sealey for £97,000, at double the market rate (see *Eyes passim*).

● MORE news of the fun it can be trying to park in an emergency near Britain's hospitals.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes



" Ring-a-ring-a-roses,
Another hospital closes.
Virginia! Virginia!
They all shut down.

When Mia Harris gave birth to a daughter at **Newham general hospital, east London**, doctors decided the baby needed urgent examinations and her husband was asked to return to the hospital.

The car park was full and Mr Harris spent several minutes looking for a space before parking in desperation on some rough grass. Returning an hour or so later, his car had been clamped.

After much to-ing and fro-ing between the police and the hospital's parking superintendent, Mr Harris wrote to Newham's chief executive, Neil Zammett, who said "the hospital was not liable for any loss he had suffered" but agreed to reimburse the £40 release fee.

Less lucky were the other "offenders" Mr Harris came across in his researches: nurses whose cars had been clamped having to pay a £30 fine out of a day's wage of £45; and a midwife spending 30 minutes trying to park "correctly" before being able to help a woman in labour.

● **MERTON, Sutton and Wandsworth FHSA** has sent cervical smear reminders to 177 women written in plain English: "Come and have your fanny checked." An internal inquiry is underway.

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

OUR new Maffia boss, William Waldegrave, may not be quite as braindead as his predecessors (cf the great *Drittsek* Gummer).

In his much-unreported speech at the Tory conference, he said the common agricultural policy could not stand the entry of central and eastern European nations like Poland, Hungary, the Czechs and Slovakia into the EC. He estimates that their entry, under present terms, would add more than £10 billion to the cost of the CAP — around three times more than the total EC foreign aid programme.

Warning that the CAP must change, Waldegrave is to set up a CAP policy group "of the ablest people who have real and practical ideas about CAP reform from inside Whitehall and outside".

One person he should not include is NFU president Sir David Naish. Responding to an EC report which recommended that farm support should be devolved back to national governments — so-called "repatriation" — the Naish immediately sprang to the defence of the CAP, demanding that "regulations must be applied equitably across Europe".

However, his members should have plenty of time to ponder the implications of CAP reform. They are currently being paid nearly £1 billion for set-aside to grow nothing, adding to the £15 billion a year the CAP costs British consumers — £1,000 a year for every British family of four.

But it leaves Waldegrave with a problem. Will he be able to find any farmers who are not in favour of the continued Brussels "gravy train", who have any "real and practical ideas", other than throwing more money at the problem, as happened with the last round of CAP reform? And does that not beg the question as to whether anything so insane as the CAP can be reformed?

WINDING UP the 60-year-old Milk Marketing Board (MMB) continues to create mayhem in the milk business. Firstly, the Dairy Trade Federation (DTF) tried and failed to bribe enough milk producers to join its supermarket-driven cartel. Instead, milk producers joined in droves what they thought might be the farmer-friendly co-operative, Milk Marque (*Eye* 854).

Dairy magnates thus took the government to the high court trying to block the new arrangements. Unsurprisingly Mr Justice Dyson found the DTF case unconvincing and blew it out of the water last month, leaving Milk Marque free to start trading on 1 November. Undaunted, the DTF plans to make objections to the Office of Fair Trading and to Brussels.

Not least of the effects of this manoeuvring has been to delay the planned flotation of Dairy Crest, the MMB's manufacturing arm. Cash from the proceeds was intended to finance the launch of Milk Marque. As a result, the MMB has written to all dairy farmers warning them that it may have to "abstract" 4p/litre from their milk cheques to raise £35 million needed to provide Milk Marque with working capital.

Farmers are incensed that the MMB is even proposing to take the money from the 30 per cent of producers who have not chosen to be part of Milk Marque, some of whom will have to pay £3,000 or more to start up an organisation of which they will have no part. But considering that it has been DTF pressure which has caused the problem in the first place, it is small wonder that current relations between producers and the dairies are now described as "acrimonious".

UNEXPECTED victims of the milk debacle have been egg producers who supply Dale Farm, part of the Northern Dairies group.

This group has been at the forefront of attempts to scupper Milk Marque, and has paid heavily in bribes to attract milk producers away from the farmers' co-operative. So costly has been the exercise that its margins have been dangerously eroded.

Rather than confront customers with price increases to cover its own mismanagement, Dale Farms has told its egg suppliers to cut their prices by 5 per cent or risk losing their contracts. How ironic that one of the few unsubsidised sectors of agriculture — the egg industry — should find itself paying for the mess created in one of the most heavily subsidised and controlled sectors — the milk industry.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

APPARENTLY HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION. FOUND DEAD ABOUT HALF PAST SIX THIS MORNING.
WE'RE TREATING IT AS HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS GEORGE.
NOT A MARK ON HIM ANYWHERE!

QUANGO NEWS

ONE OF north-west England's less-enterprising enterprise boards, the Crewe Development Agency (CDA), has achieved little over recent years apart from a pointless deal with British Rail.

Crewe is the centre of the trainspotter's universe, and in 1990 BR gave the CDA £1.25 million for economic development to create jobs in the locality for the hundreds of railway workers BR had laid off. Instead, more than £800,000 of the money was spent buying a five-acre plot of land, the ambitiously titled Wistaston Road Business Centre (derelict save for a sandwich shop and print firm) from... British Rail. The rest of the £1.25 million is to be spent renovating the site.

So most of BR's public-spirited donation to the local economy has been returned; BR has rid itself of a scrappy piece of land and the CDA has now gone cap in hand to the Midland Bank for a £200,000 loan to prop up its ailing finances.

Indeed the CDA is so poor it has had to refuse grants to local companies who deserve the money. One local engineering company requested £50,000 which it said would create 20 jobs, and another firm wanted £40,000 to create around 10 new jobs. How silly of these firms to assume the CDA was there to help local industry.

SO MUCH for democracy in Scotland. After John Major's fig-leaf gesture at the last election — "England needs Scotland", was the cry — Ian Lang headed northwards to do his worst.

Instead of a democratic deficit in Scotland, where the Tories are limping along in fourth place in the polls at 11 percent, there is actually an abundance of democracy, Lang claims.

"So much so," he says, "that we are busily putting in place a system of more accountable local government..."

"More accountable local government" of course means that the number of Scottish local councillors (the vast majority of whom are either Scottish Nationalists or Labour) will be cut by more than 30 percent. In the interests of democracy, Lang is also refusing to allow councillors — who presently control municipal water supplies — to sit on his new and exceedingly democratic water board quangos. Instead, the 5,000 quango appointees on local enterprise companies and health service trusts are either Tory businessmen, directors, accountants or twin-set "housewives".

POLICE 5

SIR James Anderton, God's own cop (retd.), may be forced to defend his old force, Greater Manchester police, in court.

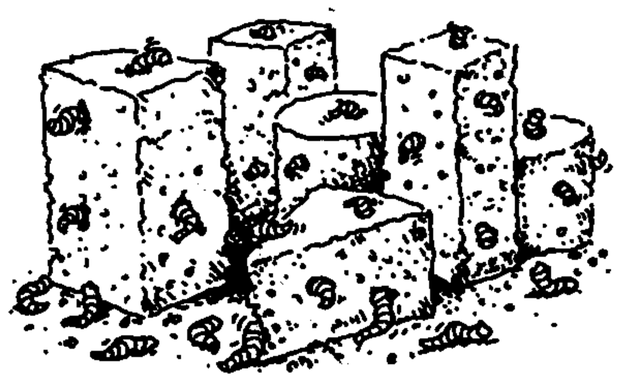
His former colleagues are being accused of ruining the life and career of Kevin Taylor, the businessman and failed Tory politician who was caught up in the John Stalker affair.

Stalker, Anderton's former deputy, quit the force in 1987 after being removed from an inquiry into an alleged Royal Ulster Constabulary "shoot-to-kill" policy. It was also claimed that Stalker was too pally with local villains — and with a Manchester millionaire (Taylor) who was supposedly mixed up in the underworld.

Taylor was later accused of defrauding the Co-op Bank, but the trial broke down after 16 weeks when it became apparent that GMP had no, er, evidence against him. No longer a rich businessman, Taylor claims Knacker acted in an "arbitrary, malicious, unconstitutional and oppressive manner" and framed him as a drug trafficker to discredit him and Stalker.

Taylor is suing GMP for £22 million in lost earnings, while the police claim they will contest the hearing. But it will hardly be in the force's or the public's interest to do so. Taylor has more than enough to embarrass GMP. He will also want the court to know whether the two drawers of files on him which went "missing" from Chester House police HQ have now turned up.

The court hearing is scheduled to start next April in Liverpool, supposedly the only place with a room large enough to hold the piles of documents which will be used in evidence. Watch for an out-of-court settlement by Knacker.



ROTTEN BOROUGHS

LAMBETH

THINGS look bleak for children who go to special schools formerly run by the defunct Inner London education authority (ILEA).

The schools, deep in the Home Counties, have traditionally taken the capital's most difficult teenagers in the belief that a spot of fresh air and the sight of a few trees might deter them from nicking cars and taking drugs, and the schools *have* surpassed expectations for GCSE passes.

Unfortunately for London's delinquents, however, when ILEA was abolished and its services divided among the 32 London boroughs, the rural special schools were handed to Lambeth. The enlightened council wants to close the schools, claiming that black problem kids don't belong in the countryside and should stay in the city.

Lambeth even examined ways of selling off the sites until councillors learned that the empty buildings would revert to the government. One school governor was sent on a tour of the schools and told to rubbish them. He came back convinced they were doing a good job and resigned his post.

Is it in Lambeth's financial interests to stop patronising the rural schools? Not quite. The debt-ridden council receives more than £20,000 a year for each pupil it takes from other London authorities, the money coming from the borough where the pupil lives. But someone at Lambeth town hall seems determined to subvert the system. When the schools found the tally of new pupils for enrolment last month had dipped below double figures, they smelled a rat. A trawl through Lambeth's education department unearthed a pile of more than 50 unprocessed applications.

MURKEYSIDE

RANK and file members of Merseyside fire brigade still suspect that a funny handshake is the surest way to the top of the greasy pole.

Brigade folklore recounts the 999 call to a Liverpool hotel where a freemasons' meeting was in progress. The fire crew was denied access to the smoking building until top brass fire chiefs arrived — all fancy helmets and braided uniform — to rescue the masonic regalia.

Whatever the truth of the funny handshake claim, the upper echelons certainly get *golden* handshakes. Quite a few eyebrows have been raised at the news that assistant chief fire officer Anthony Butler, number three in the hierarchy, had taken early retirement on medical grounds. At the grand old age of 43, Butler has been given a £100,000 lump sum, and £22,000 a year for life. Even in these sleazy times, this seems a bit rich and the district auditor is investigating.

Coincidentally Butler has been charged with assaulting his wife and step-daughter and threatening to kill his stepson, which may well have contributed to the "stressful condition" which caused him to be pensioned off. But the payout has inflamed ordinary firemen who are anxious that they will be denied early retirement. Management, it seems, "does not recognise stress as a medical condition" — at least not in the case of those who actually fight fires and deal with road accidents.

Such claims cannot be met because Merseyside fire brigade must make £3 million worth of cuts next year. Of course, more than a quarter of that sum will be going to Mr Butler as pay-off and pension should he enjoy the life expectancy of the average male.

BENT

INSPECTOR Knacker of the fraud squad (Neasden branch) has been called in as the row continues over allegations that former Tory deputy leader of Bent council John Warren tried to con a terminally ill elector out of her vote in the May elections.

As the *Eye* revealed, Neasden resident Susan Horler claimed that Warren, while canvassing, had tricked her into accepting a proxy vote when she thought she had signed for a postal ballot. Horler intended to vote Labour, but her vote was cast by a Tory candidate and probably not for Labour as she later received a "thank you" note... for voting Tory!

An attempt by defeated Labour candidate Asish Sengupta to annul the result through the courts — a few hundred votes separated the various candidates — has failed, and Warren has been cleared of electoral malpractice. But the controversy continues.

A couple of days before the hearing began last month, Sengupta was sent a Bent council cheque for £8,000 with the signature of finance chair Gideon Fiegel, and a letter supposedly from chief executive Charles Wood offering an apology, urging him to drop his action and suggesting the money would compensate Sengupta for his trouble.

The cheque and letter were obviously bogus, but did the briber really think Sengupta would try to cash in? A few days later Susan Horler received an anonymous abusive phone call which suggested she had been paid to give evidence against the Tories, so now it's over to Knacker to make sense of barmy Bent.

BANKERS

"EIGHT tips on money management," says a NatWest ad aimed at this term's new university students.

Students might be desperate for credit, but will any be dim enough to entrust their grant cheques to a bank that can't count?

Under the "eight tips" headline, the bank makes various commonsense points, each of which start with the individual letters from the word *NatWest*: *N*ow you're a student...; *A*void carrying too much spare cash; *T*alk to your bank, etc, etc.

Er, how many letters are there in the word NatWest? That's right. Either the bank can't count or it can't read its own name. You have been warned.

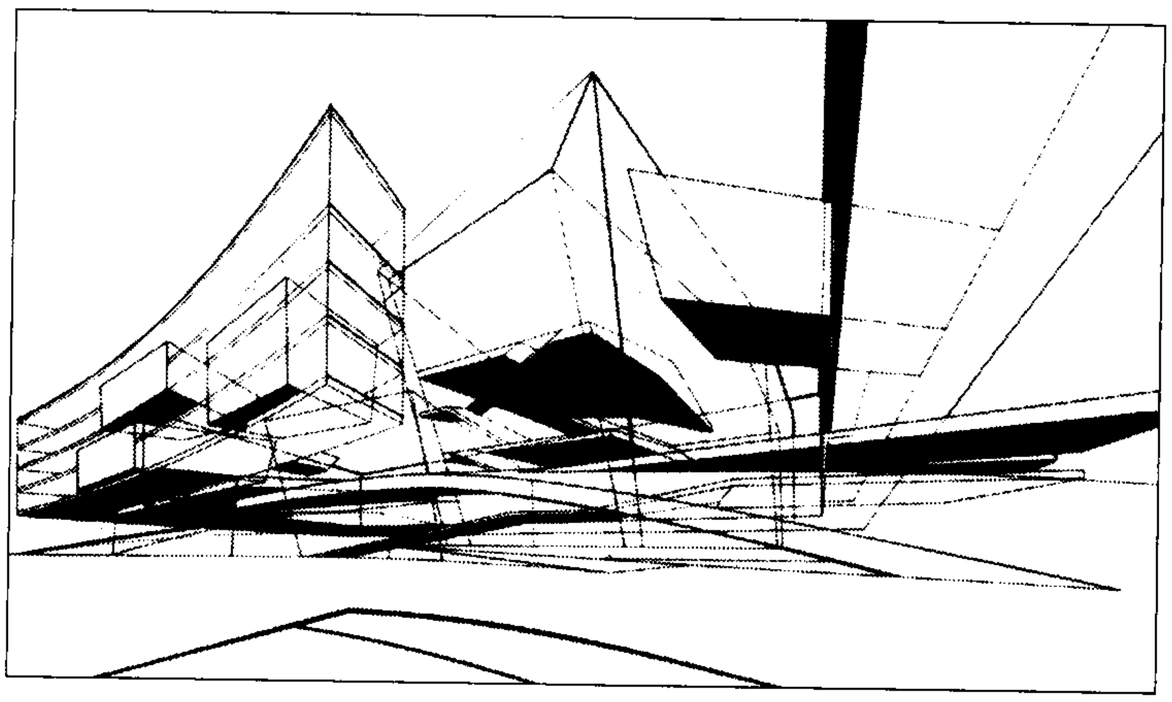
NOOKS and CORNERS

EVERY CITY should have one — that is, a monumental folly at the taxpayer's expense which will be surrounded by camera-clicking Japanese architects day and night — so why not Cardiff?

The city now has that exciting opportunity unless misguided and reactionary public opinion is allowed to interfere with building the future.

I refer, of course, to the design for the Cardiff Bay Opera House, recently won in competition by Zaha Hadid. Desperately anxious not to be left behind by the *Zeitgeist*, architectural hacks have all acclaimed it as a work of genius, years ahead of its time, etc — "...a triumph, and a cause of celebration for anyone with any hope for the future of a more visionary, less reductive architecture", as Clare Melhuish witters in *Building Design*.

But what is a "reductive" architecture? One with vertical walls and right-angled corners, perhaps, or one that responds rationally to a brief? How very boring! To those who express reservations about something so "challenging", the hacks come out with the usual tired old lies about how Wren's St Paul's was disliked by the public when new and how the new home for Welsh National Opera will become another Sydney Opera House, once condemned but now a much loved distinctive landmark.



But will it? Unlike the Sydney Opera House, the Hadid design is rather commonplace in silhouette. What makes it distinctive, and ever so exciting, are the sloping walls and arbitrary changes in axis, the skewed non-orthogonal spaces (non-rectangular to you) and intersecting planes. Beyond that, however, it is really rather hard to say what the building will actually be like as the drawings are largely incomprehensible, even to trained architects.

Miss Hadid and her team specialise in dramatic and seductive exploded perspectives, constructed from physically impossible viewpoints and depicted in a slick graphic style influenced by Russian constructivism. Faced with such exciting images, nobody wants to admit they cannot read the plans and sections, do they?

Certainly not the panel of judges, which was dominated by members of the award- and competition-winning architectural establishment.

Anyway, Zaha's drawings were unmistakeable among the 270 entries, even if ostensibly anonymous, so the judges clearly felt it was about time Britain had a "deconstructionist" building and that this fashionable female figure on the conference circuit should at last be given a chance to build as well as draw. Lucky Cardiff, to be victim — sorry, recipient of this opportunity! We do know, however, that the judges were not unanimous about the decision. Never mind: we are assured that the general concept made it a clear winner.

Quite why is not clear to me. Although on a cleared site with no urban context to speak of, where a monumental statement might be justified, the building's plan responds neither to the street plan nor to any comprehensible geometry. The irregular polygon with walls sloping outwards — the opera house — stands inside a twisted horseshoe of offices, smaller auditoria and a multi-storey car park. This enclosure is neither architecturally unified, nor practical. The plan requires long, tedious corridors and while the outer walls form a smooth "continuum", the inner walls are broken by large rooms projecting inwards in arbitrary directions. Architects once sought integrated, coherent plans; Miss Hadid does not, of course: she wishes to "deconstruct" conventional ideas and spaces. So much more difficult!

Lucky the opera-goers who will enjoy this "architecture of movement". As far as one can tell from the drawings, the foyers will comprise a formless, unpleasant low space under a large flat roof; for above is a "Piazza" which curves up from street level and which is "suitable for outdoor performances and al fresco eating and drinking". Really? It seems more like an overshadowed internal courtyard or a light well in a large commercial building, and scarcely a place to linger. In fact, if you bother to pore over the plans, it emerges that this challenging concept is really uncomfortably like a big 1960s corporate or cultural complex, a ring of offices with an auditorium in the middle, but made so excitingly different by having arbitrarily skewed walls and an irregular geometry.

Or am I wrong and behind the times? It is certainly worth spending £43 million to find out. Competitions, after all, ought to bring forward the dark horse, the brilliant outsider. But this fortysomething Iraqi pseud can scarcely be described as an unknown outsider. She has been hanging around the Architectural Association for years; indeed, unkind critics suggest she was invented by the AA's late chairman, Alvin Boyarsky, as a clever joke against the introverted world of avant-garde architecture. And a joke with the means to assemble a team who have entertained us all over the years with exciting, dramatic, utterly unbuildable schemes.

After all, should experience count when designing a simple little thing like an international opera house? Besides, Zaha has now actually built something: a toy fire station in Germany, with walls that don't meet, sharp angles to amuse the firemen in an emergency and glass doors on the toilets to help them overcome inhibitions. So successful has this gem been in attracting visitors that the client, Vitra, is now building another fire station for the boring business of putting out fires.

So perhaps Cardiff can build another, working opera house after Zaha Hadid's masterpiece is finished, to universal critical acclaim. Then it can serve as a deconstructed monument to the selfless courage of those who give us the architecture we deserve.

'Piloti'

Pseuds Corner

To [Dennis] Cooper the body itself is text: it is a "problem" to be "read". He speaks repeatedly of reading the body like "braille" or of "scholars" of the ass. Ziggy's ass is described as "garrulous", recalling Shakespeare's "nether voice". It is as if the mouth speaks rational, ordered language and the anus speaks the true language of the body. Roger's erotic focus is the buttocks. Their very structure suggests Cooper's dichotomy, the split between adult and teenager.

ELIZABETH YOUNG
Guardian Weekend

I went to talk to a great feminist meeting, and they were obviously delighted with what I said and I got three little ceramic vaginas. One with a head in it, one with a flower in it, and one with nothing in it. The last one was mine, because of my upcoming menopause.

ANITA RODDICK
Independent

Garlo, the French composer, stands amid 50 guitars that he has arranged on a sand dune near Bordeaux, south-western France, for a concert lasting three days and three nights in which only the wind will touch the strings. He is planning to release a recording of the event.

Daily Telegraph

Simultaneously he [Cooper] has attained avant-garde status throughout the West. His fiction attempts to unravel a nightmarishly complex knot of predatory homosexual desire, murderous fantasy and perversion — shot through with shards of tenderness, vision and a fragmented, potent humanity. Glossed with the sophistication of the aes-thete and the torment of the intellectual facing a moral bomb-site of sexual psychoses, it spins the critic down endless corridors of deconstruction and analysis.

ELIZABETH YOUNG
Guardian Weekend

As the taxi sped past the grim facade of the [Darlington] Civic Theatre, I was not unhappy that my sweat had now stained that stage. It was a good evening.

STEVEN BERKOFF
Guardian Weekend

It is as if all American history, literature and technology since 1776 had been heading towards this one drama [the O.J. Simpson trial]: the replaying, live by satellite, of the American tragedy, the American dream of a better, brighter life overwhelmed by the inescapable dark side of human nature.

BRENDA MADDOX
The Times

SAGE PUBLICATIONS
Senior Commissioning Editor
Management and Organization Studies

This fascinating, demanding job offers the right person considerable opportunities to use and develop a range of qualities and skills, such as his or her abundant energy, resilience and determination, capacity to work both autonomously and collaboratively as the situation requires, high level of administrative and organizational activity coupled with significant interpersonal appeal and effectiveness — and an unusual combination of intellectual curiosity, agility and integrity alongside commercial acumen. This last should include a strategic and proactive rather than simply reactive or deterministic sense of 'the' market and appropriate product development.

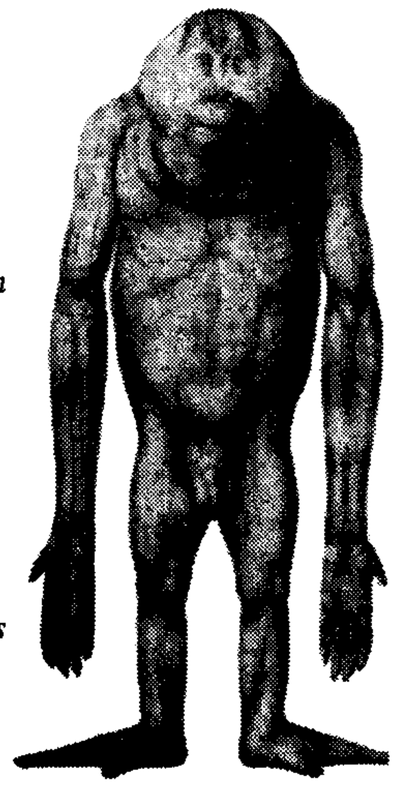
ADVERTISEMENT
Guardian

Contributors: T. Gustafson, B. Heys, J. Mansfield, J. Holden, V. Grosvenor Myer, P. Prescott, A. White.

£10 paid for entries

Letters

Ape watch



Sir,

One of Major James Hewitt's fellow officers, The Marquesa tells us (EYE 856)*, noticed he is "hung like an orang utan". What does this mean? A standard text on orang utans in our library, de Boers's book issued by Dr W. Junk Publishers (sic) in 1982, plainly says the male orang utan has a small penis; it also reports: "Male orang utans in zoos do not usually develop full cheek flanges and large size if they are dominated by a larger male: even a dominating zoo-keeper can retard these developments." But Jeffrey Schwartz's 1988 book on orang utan biology reports new studies, with weights and measurements, at the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center that challenge the long-established scholarly view that the orang utan's penis is remarkably small for such a large animal.*

Do the Major's pals know this? Where do they stand in the exotic debate? Or do they prefer even older fantasies in this matter?

I think we should be told.
DR CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE,
Cambridge University Faculty of Archaeology & Anthropology.

Sir,

I was interested to read that acting Major Hewitt is "hung like an orangutan". Since the average length of the adult male orangutan's penis is one and a half inches erect, compared to five inches in the human, we can safely assume that the Princess's virtue is relatively intact. Indeed, in the non-erect state the orangutan penis is not visible to even a close observer.

On the other hand, you may have meant "hanged like an orangutan". I was not aware however that the treason act applied to ugly, hairy semi-sentient apes.

Yours,
DR MARK PORTER,
Burbage, Leicestershire.

PS: Wild horses shall not drag from me the source of my information.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes

There once was a person
Not spinally erect —
(an unpoetic opening but
Politically correct)

Help line

Sir,

Reading your issue 855 I was, as always, enjoying HP Sauce — until I reached the paragraph about Anglian Water.

Anglian IS a caring employer. They have engaged my own company to provide a range of services to all levels of redundant employees including six resource centres offering advice and information to help staff find new jobs — a programme of seminars on CV writing and interviews etc — advice on financial matters and on early retirement — a telephone help line and advice tailored to senior executives. These services are appreciated by the staff concerned and are proving very successful.

I hope I shall enjoy HP Sauce rather more in the future!

Yours sincerely,
LEONARD ALLEN,
Director, InterExec.

LUVVIES

Performing on the stage of the Arts was probably the closest I ever came to erotic ecstasy.

STEPHEN FRY
Cambridge Arts Theatre leaflet

Submitted by David Latoy.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Taking care

Sir,

I am sure that your readers enjoyed the story about Colin Harrison (7 Oct) with all its opportunities for righteous indignation about the supposed betrayal of good trade unionists by treacherous Labour politicians.

I have always understood the need to spoil a good story by too much respect for the facts. However, at the risk of being a spoil sport I must correct some inaccuracies.

1. Colin Harrison did not return to Kent, when unable to sell his house, to apply for his old job back. He has been working at Greenwich since 1992 and is not jobless as your article implies (without actually saying).

2. Peter Smallridge's reference to Colin's opposition to care management policies was only ONE *reason for not interviewing him for the post. In any case, this has nothing to do with privatisation of home care services, the issue on which I shared a platform with Colin some years ago.*

I am sure that if PRIVATE EYE *found cases of councillors overruling officers to make political appointments to social worker posts, it would rightly expose such scandals. This is precisely what I have refused to do. I repeat my view that if officers are charged by members with the responsibility to deliver services and policies, they must be free to recruit the staff they consider best suited to achieve this.*

Yours sincerely,
JOHN OVENDEN,
Kent County Council.

Milk sop

Sir,

Evidently New Muckspreader does not have a farm, or if he does he doesn't have any cows (EYE 855)*. If he did he would know that with the demise of the Milk Marketing Board, cheese makers are, for the first time in 60 odd years, able to buy as much milk as they want from whoever they please. All they have to do is agree a price.*

Dairy companies are grousing because at last they will pay the market price for milk instead of the artificially low one that for decades gave UK dairy farmers the poorest price in Europe, (despite the fact that the UK is only 80 percent self-sufficient in milk products).

Yours faithfully,
GRAHAM PADFIELD,
Chairman of Bath and Frome NFU, and producer of Bath Soft Cheese.

Legal Aide memoir

Sir,

Dr Levi's letter (EYE 855) *shows remarkable ignorance, for a professor of criminology, concerning the recent Imran Imam trial.*

The unfortunate Imam was dependant upon Legal Aid for the defence of his case. Imam was convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Imam should, at least, have received a non-custodial sentence, if not an acquittal.

The facts were that Imam was the first person to "blow the whistle" on BCCI criminality, when he made a voluntary statement to the Federal Reserve Board prosecuting counsel (counterparty to the Bank of England's new "special investigations unit", formed after the adverse findings of the Bingham inquiry), in February 1991 — five months before the Bank belatedly stepped in to close down BCCI, in July. Furthermore, the assistance that Imam gave to the US authorities enabled the Manhattan district attorney's office to indict Sheikh Kamal Adham, and other major principals in the BCCI fraud, and to levy fines (NOT *recover assets, Dr Levi, please note) totalling in excess of $1.4 billion — half of which may eventually be refunded to the BCCI liquidators (for the benefit of UK depositors, as well as US justice department, Dr Levi).*

It would hardly be appropriate for the SFO "to launch a massive investigation into BCCI", as the ethical conduct of the case against Imam discredits the whole legal process. The SFO broke assurances, given to the US authorities, that Imam would not be arrested. The SFO have never sought to arrest Kamal Adham, either through incompetence, or because of political intervention from Whitehall. The Manhattan trial was held "in camera", and Adham's "guilty" plea bargain statement was not disclosed at Imam's trial — because it had been protected by a public interest immunity certificate.

Yours sincerely,
DAVID WHITBY,
BCCI Private Study Group.

Off sidings

Sir,

I was intrigued to read in EYE 856 *that Brian Horton (who will be known to many of your readers as the manager of Manchester City Football Club) had been summoned back from holiday in an attempt to end the signalworkers' dispute.*

I look forward to reading in your future editions that London Transport has called in Kenny Dalglish to solve the Underground dispute and that Tottenham Hotspur have called in Sir Bob Reid (the current BR Chairman) to help plug their leaky defence.

Yours etc,
NATASHA PYE,
London N1.

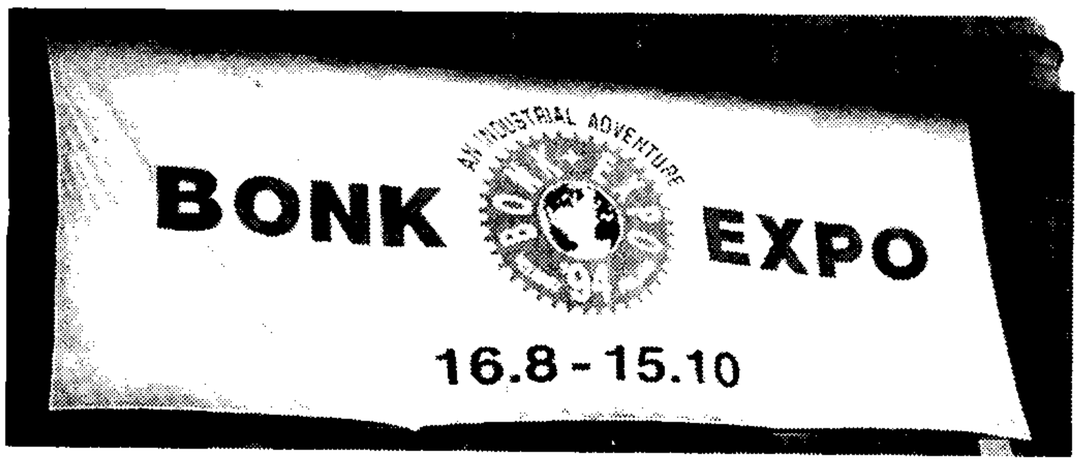
Lookalike

Cruella **Blair**

Sir,

Given the excessive newspaper coverage of Cherie Blair's "new look", I was surprised that no one has commented on her remarkable resemblance to Cruella De Vil, the vicious villainess in Disney's 101 DALMATIANS. *I am convinced that they must be related.*

Yours,
ENA B. TISDALL,
London.



I-SPY

Helsinki

Submitted by Mitch Murray. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Whine

Sir,

In Street of Shame (23 Sept) you complain that wine writer Hugh Johnson lavished praise on the products of Château Latour without mentioning he is a director of the château.

So what did you expect him to do? It would be most remiss of him NOT *to mention one of the finest wines in the world! (Try it, some time.)*

If only any of your tired old hacks could write one tenth as brilliantly on any subject as Mr Johnson writes, not only on wine but on gardening and on trees! But alas…

Yours sincerely,
J.L. COOK,
Sowerby Bridge, W. Yorks.

Flippant

Sir,

Surely the "negative image" of Princess Diana portrayed on the cover of EYE 856 *could be improved by viewing the problem from the other side? Since when have medals been worn on the right!!*

Yours faithfully,
T.A. WITTON,
Pyrford, Surrey.

Plonker

Sir,

*For the record, Lord Rothschild and I are not, and never have been, "partners in a wine business", or any other business (*EYE *852).*

You were pretty slow, though, in unmasking me as being a director of Château Latour — a privilege I have enjoyed since 1986.

Your discerning readers will already have noticed that since 1986 I have made no favourable reference to any other château.

Yours ever,
HUGH JOHNSON,
Great Saling, Essex.

Tales of Hoffmann

Sir,

In your Lunchtime O'Boulez piece on 7 October 1994 you create a totally false impression about my attitude towards the Hoffmann enquiry into London orchestras.

1. After the Arts Council announced its funding decision for London orchestras in July 1993, I offered my resignation as chairman of the Association of British Orchestras, if the board felt that my continuing as chairman would create any conflict of interest for the ABO. The ABO board unanimously asked me to remain as chairman.

2. As the chairman of the ABO is always the manager of an orchestra, there can be times when the chairman's orchestra will be centrally involved in an issue the ABO has to deal with. It is ABO policy that, on these occasions, the ABO should be represented solely by the director of the ABO.

In the case of the Hoffman inquiry this is exactly what happened. Having been asked to continue as chairman, I agreed not to comment publicly on Hoffmann in any way and did not do so, and Libby MacNamara, the director, ran all the meetings on this subject and represented the ABO position publicly, and did so extremely effectively.

3. You imply that the LSO benefited from the Hoffman inquiry. It has always been my view that the health of the LSO is best served by all of London music flourishing. Whilst the Hoffman inquiry was very obviously detrimental to the orchestras involved, I think that it also harmed London music in general and therefore all orchestras.

I spend a great deal of time working with others in the ABO to improve the conditions for music-making throughout the country, including London, and will continue to do so as long as the members and board of the ABO wish me to do so.

Yours sincerely,
CLIVE GILLINSON,
Chairman, Association of British Orchestras.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"This evening is a very different evening from the morning that we had this morning."
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC
(Gary Richmond)

"That was no bed of cherries…"
MARK STEIN, Radio 4
(M.T. Cornellier)

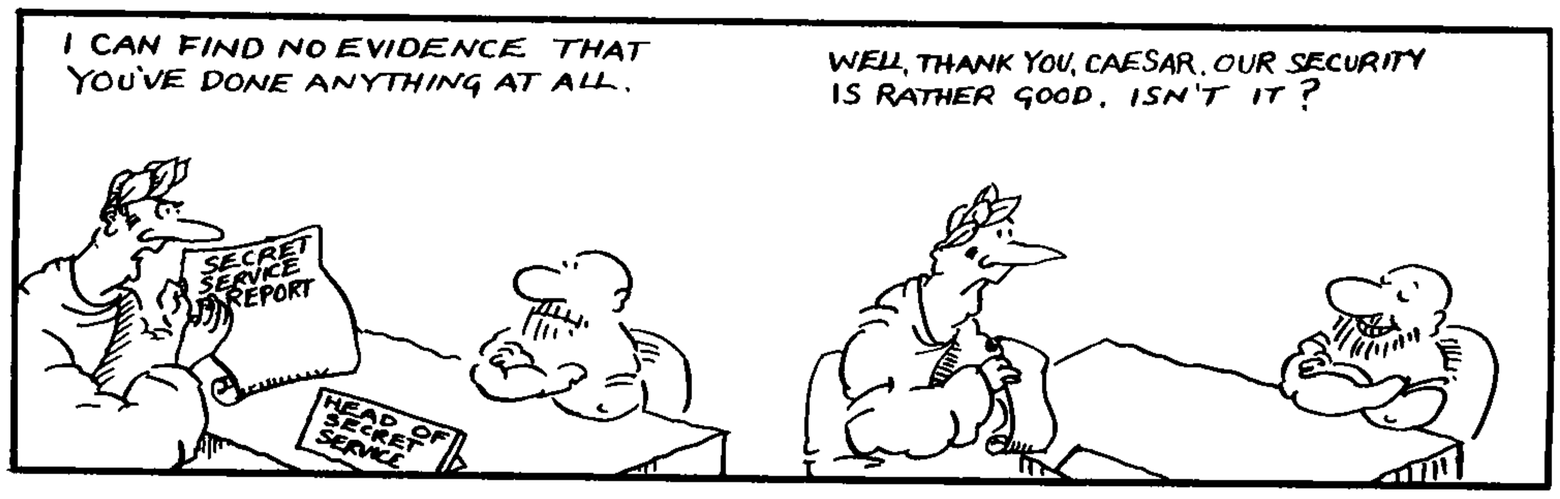
"He seems to have had a problem with his right foot which has run with him all day."
ROBIN JACKMAN, BBC2
(Clive Perry)

"All the Cabinet Ministers sat around the table with their heads nodding like cuckoo clocks."
ENOCH POWELL, BBC2
(Steve Szita)

Questionmaster: *Name a drink made from fermented pears.*
Contestant: *Apple juice.*
LONDON TALKBACK RADIO
(Jim Creasy)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN


I CAN FIND NO EVIDENCE THAT YOU'VE DONE ANYTHING AT ALL.
WELL, THANK YOU, CAESAR. OUR SECURITY IS RATHER GOOD. ISN'T IT?
SECRET SERVICE REPORT
HEAD OF SECRET SERVICE

Letter from Sarajevo

from Our Own Correspondent

AS SARAJEVO braces itself for another winter under siege and the Bosnian Serbs push UN resolve to its limits, the Belgrade press claims that it is the Bosnian government, not the Serbs, that has been keeping the city thirsty for nearly a year. For once Belgrade may have a point.

Last month when a rocket was fired at a group of Bosnian maintenance workers repairing a water pumping station, Eric Chaperon, the UNPROFOR spokesman here, confirmed that the missile could only have come from *Bosnian* positions.

President Izetbegovic has consistently failed to endorse an emergency water supply, designed and installed by American engineers with funding from the Hungarian financier George Soros, on the ground that the water is "unsafe".

The system designers claim that not only does the water meet all former Yugoslav, European and American standards, but that it could, with government cooperation, have been up and running by the end of last January.

The reason for this reluctance to relieve Sarajevo of the daily drudgery and danger of carrying water brought into the city by tanker is due to a series of lucrative Mafia-run money-spinners which will disappear when running water is restored. Each water tanker received an allocation of petrol, which at the height of the siege could be sold at $100 a gallon.

The rocket attack was launched, say senior Soros sources, by mafia factions in the Bosnian army angered by the project directors' decision to bypass the traditional backhanded system of engaging building contractors and to go ahead with independently recruited labour.

The government's insistence on extra safety systems seems to be the last chance for the mafia to make a buck before the project is finally approved. The officials' ostensible worry is that the water rises in Serb held territory and could easily be poisoned. But Fred Cuny, the engineer in charge of the project, says that for any poison to be effective it would have to be powerful enough to kill everything from here to the Black Sea. Slight impurities, he says, can be quickly identified by simple tests.

The wider implications of the Soros Foundation's experiences are potentially disastrous. If this pilot project, the first major charitably-funded reconstruction effort in Sarajevo, has to put up with its workers being attacked by the mafia and every conceivable hindrance put in its path by the government, the millions of dollars pledged by Soros and others are in jeopardy. It has taken the threat of withdrawing all future reconstruction aid and the serious wounding of a construction worker to get Izetbegovic to take action.

Thus Sarajevo continues to be at the mercy of its Serb tormentors in the hills, who turn the pre-war mains water taps like thumbscrews whenever they feel like it.

Meanwhile, 18 months after the UN set up a war crimes tribunal, the most likely scenario is a last minute deal involving a blanket Haitian-style amnesty for Serbian and Montenegran war criminals and the abrupt closing of the investigation as part of a fudged political settlement and UN withdrawal.

This is a far cry from the boasts of top US Pentagon, state department and European officials that they would concentrate on the top end of the chains of military and political command.

From the start of the Yugoslav conflicts GCHQ Cheltenham would have been monitoring and decoding military and civilian communications of all the fighting factions through its various listening posts and American spy satellites. A year ago US officials promised they would give the tribunal clear evidence of the chain of command to bring to book the top Serbian military brass and politicos in Belgrade and Pale, presumably on the basis of GCHQ's vital SIGNINT, which is known to be shared with the US.

But now all is silent. Despite the promises of their allies, the British clearly have no intention of handing over anything, and the top secret joint treaty is believed to give GCHQ a veto over any public use of this vital data by the US.

The old "intelligence" rules ensuring that the billions spent on communications intercepts and decodings may never be put to practical use — whether to save Coventry or Pearl Harbour or now to bring mass murderers to trial for atrocities in former Yugoslavia — are alive and well.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "I don't regard the incident as serious," Haley Carter told shocked relatives of the late Richard Poe. "Mr Poe was supposed to be cremated today in any case; it just hurried things along a little."

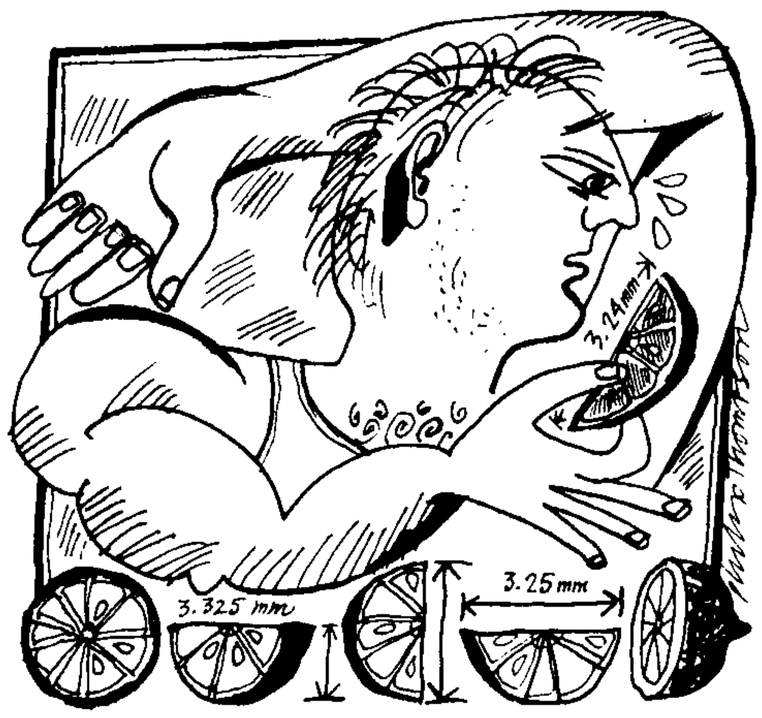
Carter, an arson investigator from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, explained what had happened. "Morticians from the Winnfield Funeral Home embalmed Mr Poe's corpse yesterday, but this morning they noticed a disgusting odour coming from the casket. He died from something not very nice. Been in the Tropics. Two morticians refused to take him away. Anyhow, the stench was atrocious, so they topped up the body with a different, concentrated embalming fluid, screwed the lid down and managed to disperse the stink before the funeral service began.

"Unfortunately, during the service at Mount Gillian Baptist Church, certain chemicals in the two embalming fluids began reacting in the confined space. The first the mourners knew about it was when smoke began pouring from the coffin. Then the whole thing just went up in flames, engulfing the body. You can still see the scorch marks on the wall. The church had to be evacuated, but most of the mourners were on their butts because the sprinklers had gone off and it made the floor as slippery as ice. The relatives insist they're going to cremate Mr Poe's ashes anyway, out of respect, but there's hardly any point really. You can't burn what's already burnt. And it's soggy. Just goes to show — you should always read the labels on bottles." *(Toronto Globe & Mail, 4/6/94. Spotter — Chris Smythe.)*

—o—

● "Dear Sir: Has anyone else noticed that the acidity of the Valencian Lemon is on the wane?

"As always, I slice my lemons at intervals of



2.75mm and, up to this month, two slices added to my 20ml of gin and 20ml of tonic always had the desired effect. Now, however, I fear the two slices lack their normal efficaciousness.

"Why is this happening? I blame the ozone layer. Until I receive definite proof of the cause I have decided, in the interests of science, to up the gin content to see if that does the trick. My wife says I should start cutting my lemon slightly thicker, or put three slices in, but why should I change the habits of a lifetime, just because deodorant is being squirted under someone's armpit?

"Yours sincerely, Arnold Bolton." *(Letter to Costa Blanca News, 13/9/94. Spotter — Robert N. Soar)*

—o—

● *"This is all a great mystery to me," said Inspector Zitaguru to reporters, as he surveyed the carnage in a Rusape farmyard. "Tell me, why on earth would an old man, with only chickens for company, want to take a sexual stimulant?"*

Zitaguru had been called to the farm by neighbours after they discovered the body of Joseph Chatambudza, a 74-year-old who lived alone there with his poultry. "It seems that this foolish old man had unwisely swallowed a large amount of mudanhatsindi, a powerful aphrodisiac known to be lethal in high doses. We found an empty 250ml bottle, enough for twelve men, lying next to him in the yard. He must have had a seizure here, vomited prodigiously, and died, surrounded by his cockerel and thirteen hens. The unfortunate birds ate his spew and, within moments, all fourteen were dead.

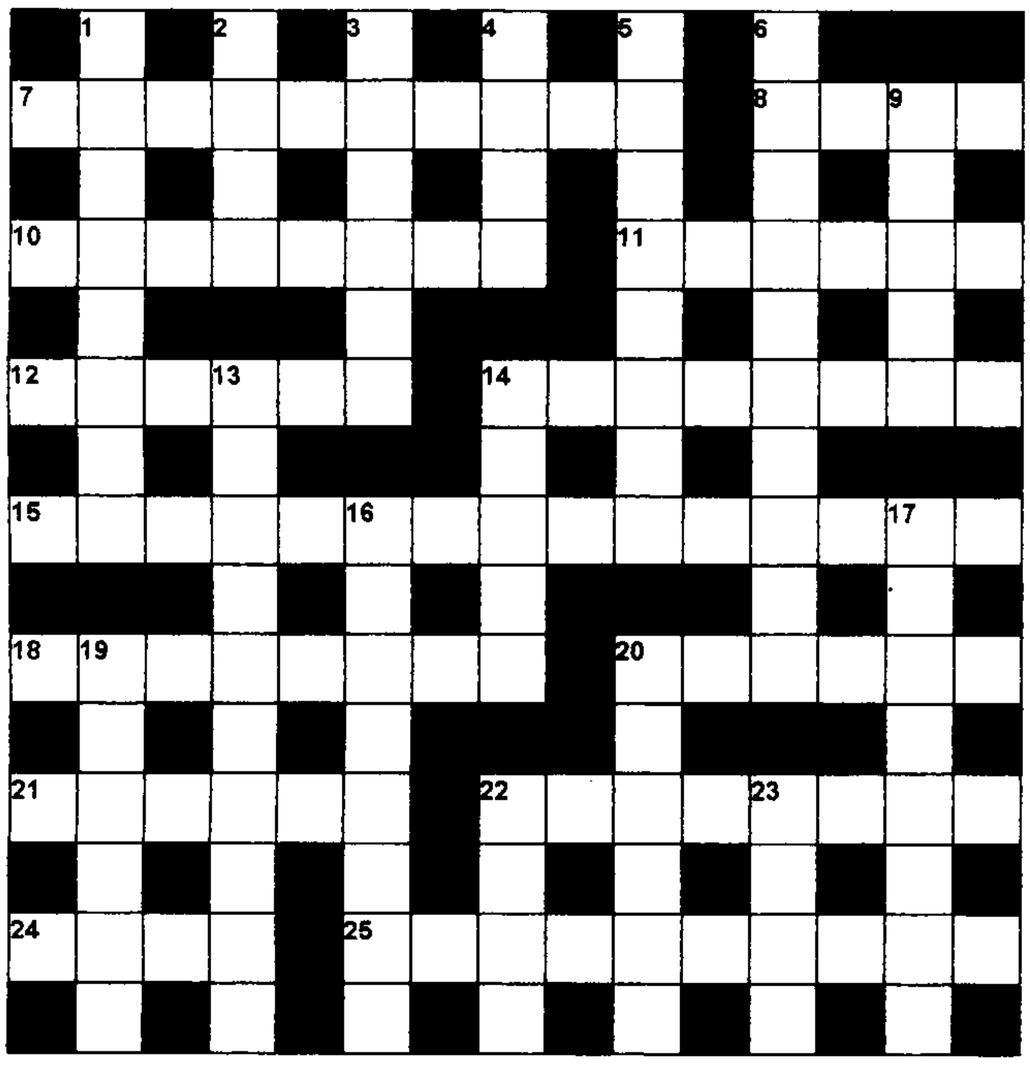
"Poor Mr Chatambudza. He thought mudanhatsindi would make him as erect as the uppermost branch of a yatza tree. But now he is dead, and his cock will evermore be limp. And so shall his hens." (The Manica Post, 22/6/94. Spotter — C.G. Coghlan)

Compiled by

VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH

EYE CROSSWORD 13 by Cyclops

£100 Winner DOUGLAS FAIRLEY



ACROSS

7 TCP-like mixture that's incorporating new scab deterrent (6,4)
8 You'll get wet in shower (4)
10 Balls: VD hazard (4-4)
11 Thick-skinned example of a certain type of Ulsterman? (6)
12 (See 20 down)
14 Maybe Di's "fashionable-to-take-cocaine" in crowd (8)
15 Tends to be rather pawsh, but it gets parliament working again (3,6,6)
18 Left has one backward view about investments (8)
20 Christ-raiser Keith (6)
21 London club retreat for Brenda? (6)
22 She writes articles of utter bollocks about rich eccentric (8)
24 Old queen displaying Conservative sign (4)
25 Size (in inches) certainly matters to such hacks (10)

DOWN

1 Clinton ready to be a Eurosceptic (4,4)
2 Botha's arse-over-tip dodge (4)
3 Like the Oscar ceremony, sparklers well in evidence (6)
4 Organised females mounting politician wet (4)
5 Bio-scare upset some jerks (8)
6 Regular broadcast suspiciously linked to Anglia (3,7)
9 Some New Age slob's financial reward (5)
13 Killer accountant? (10)
14 Kitty hardly as pure as the driven snow! (5,4)
16 Queen's turned by grass (8)
17 Officer attending university after hours is screw (8)
19 He had a lousy spell as US second-in-command (6)
20/12 Paxman goes to town with Tory party gaffer (6,6)
22 Archer's goal — crap! (4)
23 Maybe Charles slips one inside the woman (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 26.10.94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 12

ACROSS: 1 Defects 5 Oedipus 9/6/23ac The Secret Diary Of John Major 10 Alibi 11 Hedge 12 Loony Left 13 Assets 15 Rifkind 18 Sputnik 20 Esteem 23 (see 9ac) 24 Droop 26 Scuds 27 Civil List 28 Nudists 29 Towpath.

DOWN: 1 Dutch caps 2 (see 3) 3/2 Clement Freud 4 Stroll 5 Outdoors 6 (see 9ac) 7 Prime time 8 Shift 14 Slush fund 16 Damp patch 17 Skyjacks 19 Nemesis 21 Sod's law 22 Privet 23 Jason 25 Ouija.

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

I am glad to say that the Labour Party conference was a complete flop. Even the Daily Mail said so. I was too busy to watch Mr Blair's speech, but when I turned it on he was totally unconvincing. The audience obviously only gave him a standing ovation because they felt sorry for him. He said that he was in favour of lower taxation, private enterprise, law and order and improved standards in education. It is typical of the Labour Party to adopt all these policies just when they have been shown to have hopelessly failed. Our conference will be very different. For a start, Mr Blair smiles all the time. No one will be smiling at our conference. Oh no. And another mistake we will not be making this year. Last year our conference was totally ruined by the woman whom I never mention, who was publicising her book 'The Years of Success Before That Idiot Threw It All Away'. This year I am glad to say we shall have no trouble from her, thank goodness, because she will be in America visiting her son.

Tuesday

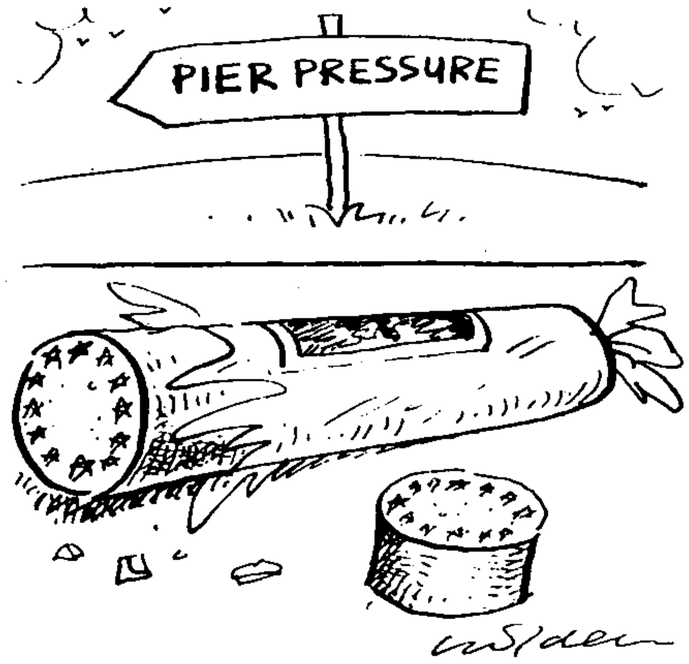
I am in no small measure "incandescent with rage", as it said in the Telegraph. Mrs Thatcher has done it again. She is on all the front pages looking very depressed because her son has been revealed to have made a lot of money out of arms deals. It is typical of Mrs Thatcher to try and steal the limelight once again just when we're going to have our most successful conference since last year. When my wife Norman and I arrived at Bournemouth, all the reporters asked me what I was going to do about "sleaze". I said that we were going to privatise it. That soon shut them up!

As I was unpacking my case and putting the trousers of my grey suit in the trouser press, my press officer Mr Meyer came in. "That is indeed a coincidence," I said to him. "I was just putting my trousers in the press, when you come in, who are responsible for putting me in the press." "And you both come out equally flat," he said. Obviously he did not understand my joke, but I thought it was good enough to use in my big speech. By the way, I have bought a new book from Ryman's which I have called my "Joke Book", so that I can write down any good jokes I hear to use in my speeches. The joke about Mr Meyer being my "trouser press officer" will be a good start.

In my bath this morning I thought of another joke for the book which was sent to me by my speech-writer Mr Norris Morris. "Q: Why is Mr Blair called Bambi? A: Because when he gets in, he will make everything a little dear."

But at least Mr Meyer had some good news. "You will not be overshadowed by Lady Thatcher," he said. "Excellent," I said. "No," he said. "You will be overshadowed by Norma Lamont."

Sure enough, when I turned on the hotel television I saw my ex-friend Norma walking along the promenade with his familiar clinking plastic bag with the words "Threshers of Bournemouth". Then there was a film of him making a speech at a fringe meeting attended by only a few thousand people. "Now I am no



longer in the government," Norma was saying. "I no longer have to tell lies: Europe is a total disaster and we should get out at once." All the people listening to him were so embarrassed by this fearful gaffe, that they clapped and cheered. No one would get away with that sort of rubbish at the main Conference, I told Mr Meyer.

Wednesday

Mr Portfolio today made a speech saying that Europe was a disaster and we should get out at once. There was a deafening silence when he said this, and everyone got up out of their seats ready to leave in protest at him saying anything so stupid. A lot of people were so annoyed that they shouted rude words in Spanish at him, like "Bravo", "Encore" and "The sooner you're in Number 10 the better". Then, I am glad to say, Mr Heseltine made a very sensible and statesmanlike speech, saying that Europe was a jolly good thing and we should stay in it. Everyone was so impressed that they stayed silent at the end for several minutes, thinking about all the wise things he had said.

Thursday

I am getting in no small measure quite irritated by delegates coming up to me at the conference asking me to sign copies of my brother Terry's book, which I haven't read. "I hope you realise", I said to one lady from Haywards Heath, who had bought 16 copies as Christmas presents, "that it is full of mistakes. For example, on page 126, there is a picture of our pet squirrel (Robert, not Cyril, as we all know) which is credited as having been taken by Terry, whereas in fact it was taken by me with the Box Brownie which Auntie Beryl gave me for my eighth birthday. I particularly remember because she got it from Timothy White's the Chemists, in Purley."

Mentioning the squirrel did, however, give me a brilliant idea which I have been telling all the journalists. "I was watching a grey squirrel the other day burying some nuts in the ground," I tell them, "and it reminds me of my government's prudent handling of the economy." My wife Norman said "You mean, some nondescript little grey creature who's lost his nuts?" "That is not very helpful," I told her, and went up to my room to write my big speech and press my trousers again.

Friday

Today I made my historic speech, which I make every year. This year it was different. "We will tell everyone that you wrote it yourself," said Mr Meyer. "That is a brilliant idea," I said. "Who thought of that?" "Your speechwriter, Mr Norris Morris," he replied.

These were the very important main points of my keynote speech, which I spelt out in no uncertain manner.

- Labour are no good and I am not frightened of Tony Blair.
- We are not divided on Europe so I will not go into it in case I offend anyone.
- We will not abolish the National Health Service because we have already done that.
- Every child over 4 will have a nursery school education, subject to availability.
- I will make everyone rich in the future provided they continue to vote for me.

Also my main slogan, or sound-bite as it is known in this business, was the best I have ever had:

"You don't want someone with a vision. You want an ordinary man in the street wearing a sensible suit and glasses, telling you honestly that he has made a mess of everything but he will try and do better next time."

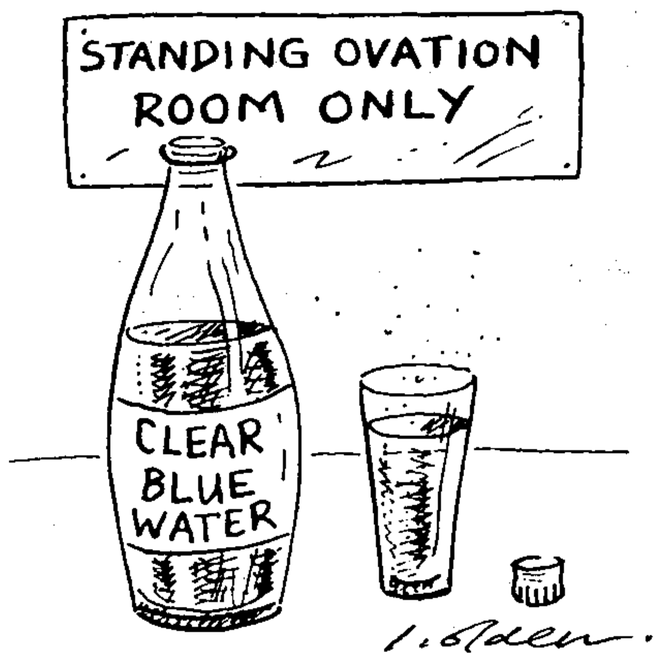
My wife Norman thought that this was a bit long for a sound-bite and suggested "I resign" as an alternative.

This was again not very helpful as it did not in any measure convey the "feelgood factor" that you need for a successful Conference speech.

It was just as well that I ignored her, as my speech was a huge success.

The clapping went on and on until Mr Hanley told the delegates they could stop. Even Mr Portfolio liked it and he laughed openly all the way through. Even though there were no funny bits in it. In the end I decided not to use my Bambi joke or my trouser-press joke or indeed any others.

"There is one joke too many in this Party already," said Mr Heseltine, obviously referring to Mr Heseltine but pointing at me to make sure I knew what he meant.



MASS SUICIDE BY BIZARRE CULT

by Our Royal Staff
Boris Pasternak

A WEIRD pseudo-religious cult headed by a woman who styled herself 'Defender of the Faith' has committed 'suicide' by all its members simultaneously shooting *themselves* in the *foot.*

It was discovered yesterday that senior figures in the cult, including the so-called Prince of Wales and his former partner known as Princess Di, have all deliberately engaged in mutual character assassination, resulting in the complete demise of their reputation.

Stupid Cult

The cult involves mysterious ceremonies, including dressing up in strange costumes and performing acts such as "State Opening", "Trooping the Colour", and "Ascot Racing".

Neighbours at Windsor said that "apart from the odd castle burning down, they kept themselves very much to themselves".

However, another said: "They always had guns at the sect headquarters which they fired off on their birthdays".

But all of a sudden the cult members became more and more depressed, turning in on themselves and indulging in internecine feuds.

"Their self-destruction was inevitable," said a former cult member who wished not to remain anonymous.

"I got out just in time," said 'Grand Duchess' Fergiana, who now lives quietly in the pages of *Hello!* magazine with her 25-year-old book *Budgie The Plagiarist.*

Yesterday, however, rumours persisted that the leader of the cult, the self-styled Queen, had actually escaped to Russia, but no one in Russia could confirm this.

"I have not seen her," said Premier Boris Yeltsin. "But then in my state I can hardly see the bottle nowadays."

Exclusive Extract from the book by Jonathan Dimbleby, 'The Prince Gets His Own Back'

That Mountbatten Letter to Charles in full

Dear Charles,

You asked me for my advice as to what you should do re the fair sex.

Well, let your wise old uncle pass on the benefit of his experience.

Sow your wild oats for as long as you can before you tie the knot.

Then find some innocent young gel to marry who is too sweet to know what you are up to.

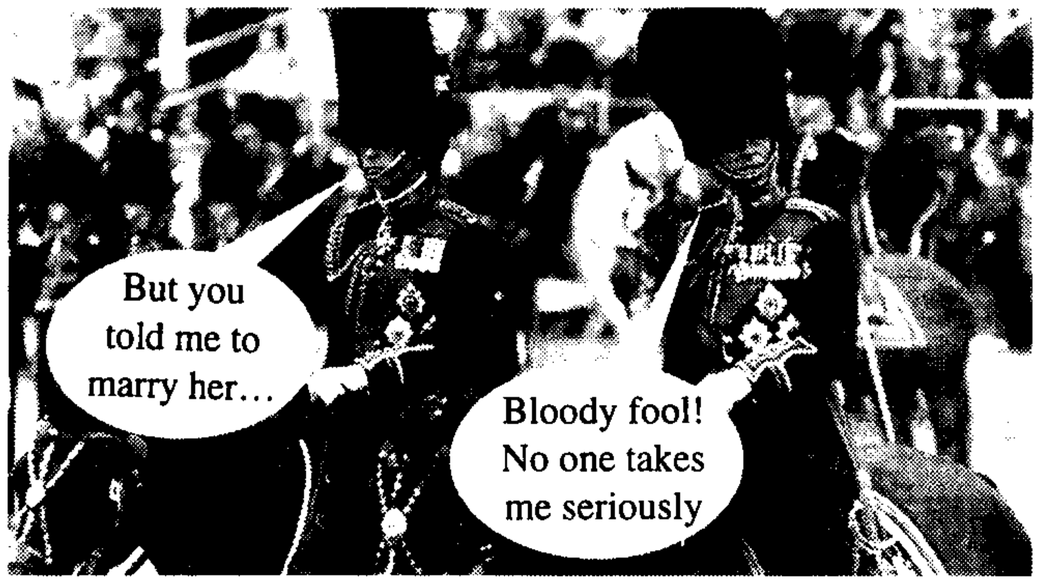
Then carry on with the oats.

*Believe me, you can't go wrong. Trust your old Uncle Dickie, and the House of Windsor will remain as safe and sound as the ship I skippered during the war.**

Your devoted "granpa",
DICKIE MOUNTBATTEN
OF BUMADVICE

*The HMS Kelly was later the subject of Noel Coward's famous film *In Which We Sink.*

Charles vs Philip



GLENDA SLAGG

Fleet Street's Queen of Common Sense

PRINCE CHARLES!?! Aren't-cha-sickofhim!!? According to the Prince of Wails (geddit?) everyone else is to blame for his sorry plight?!?! OK, so his dad bullied him — so what? He obviously didn't hit him hard enough or he wouldn't be a-whingin' and a-cringin', a-moanin' and a-groanin', a-blubbin' and a-blabbin' *(Get on with it. Ed)* **to TV's Jonathan Dimbleby!!?**

Who wants a wimp on the throne?! Not this lil loyal subject — that's for sure!?! Go back to your polo, Prince Charmless, and leave the book-writing to your wife!!?!? OK?!?

WHY'S everyone suddenly got it in for Prince Charles?!? It can't have been much fun havin' Philip The Terrible as yer dad!?! No wonder Charlie looks like a puppy who's been left out in the rain! Come and have a little weep on Auntie Glenda's shoulder!?! We love you, Your Maj-to-be, and we all want *you* to wear the crown!? Vivat Charlie Boy! Hoorah for Big Ears!

THREE cheers for the Duke of Edinburgh!! Here's a man who's not frightened to give his son a good hiding just cos he's unhappy at public school!?! Thank goodness someone still believes in old-fashioned fatherhood. My dad used to take a belt to me when I was small and it's made me what I am today!?!? Phil The Fearless, we salute you!?!? Bully for you!!? (Geddit?)

DON'TCHA feel sorry for the Queen?!? As if poor old Lizzie hadn't got enough trouble with her wayward kids, she has to put up with a child-abusing monster as a hubbie!?! Beware of Greeks bearing whips is my message!!?! (Geddit?) No wonder HRM has run off to Russia to drown her sorrows with Mr Yeltsin. Dos Vidanya, Ma'am!?! (That's Russian for "Bottoms up", stoopid!)

GOR BLIMEY!?!? What the flippin' heck does the Queen think she's doing now!?! Flyin' off to Moscow when her son's about to top himself!?! Call yourself a mother?! You need your husband to beat some sense into you, jus' like my dad did to me dear ol' mum!?!? Never did 'er any harm, may she rest in pease.

PRINCE Charles!?! Arentcha-sickofhim?! *(You've done this. Ed.)*

HERE THEY are, Glenda's Gorgeous Gladiators!?!?

MARK THATCHER. How would you like to spend a night in *my* arms, Big Boy?!? And it won't cost you £12 million?!? Is it a deal?!?

JAMES KELMAN. Booker's Mr Foul-Mouth!?! Why not drop round and give lil Glenda a ****?!?

ED PEARCE. The Moral Maze's Nr Munchy?!?

Byeeeeeeee!!!

New Books this Autumn

1. It's All Her Fault by Prince Charles *(as told to J. Dimbleby).* Snipcock & Tweed, £29.99.

2. It's All His Fault by Princess Diana *(as told to A. Morton).* Bloomsbury, £39.99.

3. No It Isn't, You Bitch by Prince Charles *(as told to anyone who will listen).* Oxford University Press, £49.99.

4. Fook Off, You Fooking Bastard by Princess Diana *(as told to James Kelman).* Fuckworths, £79.99.

(That's enough books. Ed.)

THE ALTERNATIVE VOICE

Rave Spart, Co-Chair of the Kill the Bill 94 Co-Ordinating Committee (Leamington Spart Area) puts the news in perspective.

ONCE again, totally predictably, the fascist police on the orders of the Establishment (i.e. Major and Howard) have destroyed a totally peaceful demonstration against the Criminal Justice Bill, whereas in fact the only real criminals are Thatcher, Major and Howard themselves, er, a totally as I said legitimate protest, whereby we were exercising our rights as anarchists and class warriors, totally unarmed except for a few crowbars intended only for use in self-defence, er, and we were just peacefully exercising our right to dig up the pavement and throw it at the faces of the fascist state, i.e. the police who are totally opposed to this bill, er, er, er... anyway, it was totally sickening in every way, and it is no wonder that we were forced by the armed police in their role as class aggressors armed with the latest equipment, i.e. horses, to smash in the windows of all the shops in Oxford Street as the only way to express our total and legitimate disgust at the whole apparatus of... *(contd. p. 94).*

Great Bores Of Today.

"... they've absolutely ruined it why can't they leave anything alone? is nothing sacred any more? you've got the most perfect music ever written and then a lot of people wandering about the stage dressed as if they were in *Doctor Who* I mean the Ring Cycle is one of the great masterpieces and you can't go around tampering with something like that I mean that wonderful moment in Act 2 when Siegfried meets the Rhine Maidens and he's wearing a top hat and flippers it's a blasphemy that's the only word for it Wagner must be turning in his grave when you think of all the work he put into it and that jumped-up little twerp ruins it for everybody fortunately you can't spoil the music so you just shut your eyes and imagine you're at Bayreuth with Hans Haagen Dasz as Siegfried dressed properly with a shield and a hat with proper horns on it thank goodness we didn't have to pay for the tickets is all I can say..."

Celeb

LIGGER

MY BRIEF LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE NANNY IS NOW DEFINITELY FINISHED.
GLAD TO HEAR IT.
THE TROUBLE IS, AS A CONSEQUENCE OF MY IMPETUOUS RECKLESS PASSION SHES, NOW, ER... EXPECTING...
WHAT?!
IT'S O.K. I'M QUITE RELAXED ABOUT THE SITUATION. I'M SURE I'LL BE REALLY PROUD WHEN THE LITTLE THING COMES OUT.
ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO CALL IT?
YEAH, "BLONDE HAIR, NICE LEGS."
YOU CAN'T DEDICATE SONGS FOR ALL YOUR EX'S, GARY!
WE ALL HAVE OUR LITTLE WEAKNESSES, MATE.

TV HIGHLIGHTS

That Upper Class BLIND DATE In Full

(Enter Cilla, walking down steps in turquoise-and-marmalade mini-skirt and high heels)

Cilla: O-o-o-o-h! Have we gorra lorra lovely geezers and one extra-special lovely, lonely lass tonight! *(Audience cheer wildly)* Let's meet our first contestant, all the way from Kensington, Diana. Let's girra a big hand! I'd bet you'd like to, fellas!

Audience: Oooh! Saucy!

(Music. Enter Princess of Wales in slinky low-cut ballgown)

Cilla: Don't you look just like a princess, chuck?

Diana: Ya, I do actually, 'cos I am. OK?

(Audience go hysterical, waving Union Jacks)

Cilla: Now, behind that screen we've got three smashin' lads who'd all like to spend an evening with you — candlelit supper for two, and... who knows?

(Audience shout "MI5!". Shot of three smirking upper-class twits on stools, clutching mobile telephones)

Cilla: Which of this trio of likely lads will get lucky tonight? Will it be Number One...

Voice over: Oliver Hoare, millionaire art-dealer and expert in Islamic ceramics.

Cilla: Oooh, posh! Or will it be gorgeous Number Two...

Voice over: James Gilbey, car salesman and member of the celebrated gin family.

Cilla: Oooh, 'e sounds like a real tonic!

(Many members of audience die laughing)

Cilla: ... or hunky Number Three?

Voice over: Guards officer Major James Hewitt, who plays polo...

Cilla: Oooh! Hello Chucka!

(Complete silence from studio audience, who do not understand joke)

Diana *(reading from card)*: My question to Number One is: "Why didn't you answer the phone, you bastard?"

Oliver Hoare: because my wife was there.

Cilla: Oooh, cheeky!

(Audience cheer)

Diana: This is for Number Two. If you called me up from the car late at night, what pet name would I use?

James Gilbey: Oh, I say, do I have to answer this? I would like you to call me something soft and floppy — like 'Squidgy'!

Audience: Oooh!! Squidgy!

Cilla *(nudging Di)*: Oooh! He found that a

hard one to answer, didn't he?

(The remainder of the audience are carried out in hysterics by paramedics)

Diana: And, lastly, Number Three. If I went to bed with you, what would you do afterwards? Would you a) smoke a cigarette? b) roll over and go to sleep or c) cuddle me until dawn?

Major Hewitt *(laughing)*: I would sell the story to the highest bidder. Ha ha ha!!

(Audience cheer and shout "We want to read it!")

Cilla: That's it, our Di! The choice is yours. Which is it going to be? Munchy Number One, Scrunchy Number Two, or Dirty Number Three?

Diana: I want them all.

(Randy men burst out from behind screen, removing trousers)

Cilla: Aaaah! Aren't they a luvverly foursome? And now let's see how last week's couple got on. Arianna Stassinopoulos and Senator Huffington-Puffington went to Washington on their Blind Date in the hope of becoming President and First Lady of the United States.

(Silly music)

ENDS

TRAGEDY OF THATCHER DIVORCE

by Our Political Staff
Maritalla Breakup

LOOKING sad and gaunt last night, the Conservative Party had to admit that its marriage to Mrs Thatcher was finally over.

What had started out as the ultimate love-affair has now tragically become a relationship on the rocks.

Friends say that the blame lies with Mrs Thatcher. She was becoming difficult, unreasonable and totally committed to her worship of Mark, the Son of God, as she called him. Her devotion, say insiders, "turned off" the Tories who "sought solace with someone else".

This is believed to be a reference to Michael Portillo, the glamorous, suave, debonair, right-wing lunatic whom the Party has been seen recently "getting into bed with". "They're besotted with me, I mean him, just like they were with her", said one anonymous, suave, debonair, glamorous, right-wing lunatic insider.

There appears to be no hope of a reconciliation and Mrs Thatcher is expected to get custody of her son unless Pentonville does *(shurely shome mishtake? Ed)*.

Film Choice

Forest Gum

SIMPLETON rises from obscurity to become Conservative Minister for Agriculture, in charge of privatising forests. Gum's homely wisdom strikes a chord with no one. When he tells his daughter "Life is like a box of hamburgers — so eat this one for the cameras" you will cry.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE GLASWEGIAN WINS BOOKER PRIZE

'Fock off' he tells judges

by Our Literary Staff **Tom Appallin, Germaine Drear and Rabbi Lionel Blueberger**

MR JIMMY Knapp was today awarded the coveted Booker Prize for his controversial work ***How Late They Were, How Late.***

Author Knapp, 78, tells the story of a man who dreams that the railway system has been brought to a complete halt by the actions of brave signal workers.

Salman RushHour

Liberally sprinkled with four-letter words, Knapp's narrative describes a man waiting on a station platform in Glasgow for his nonexistent train to Auchtermuchty.

Bewildered and confused, the man inveighs against the management of Railtrack, society and the cosmos.

"Fock," he says, "Fockin' fock. Fockin' British fockin' Rail. Couldn't fockin' run a fockin' piss-up in a fockin' brewery. Where's the fockin' buffet? Fock. They've focked off home."

As A.S. Dontbuyit, one of Britain's leading pseuds *(shurely 'novelists'? Ed)* put it in the *TLS*: "Knapp's imaginative use of the vernacular expletive has all the remorseless and yet strangely soothing rhythm of an InterCity 125 thundering down the track towards its distant mysterious destination."

"This is an obvious metaphor", wrote James Woodentop in the *Grauniad*, "for the state of post-Thatcherite Britain where there is nothing left to an intelligent, sensitive observer like myself except to shout 'fock' hundreds of times into the void."

The book has a downbeat, ironic ending when the Glaswegian wakes up to find that, all through the supposed "strike", the trains had in fact been running normally all along.

"Oh fock," he says.

Runners-Up

How Bad I Am, How Bad by Peter McKay Brownnose. *This poignant Scottish fable tells the story of a boy from Scotland who comes to London and makes his fortune as the world's worst columnist on the Evening Standard.*

How Gay I Am, How Gay by Alan Holeinwall. *The tragic story of a gay novelist who fails to win the Booker Prize because "they gave it, typically, to some boring macho straight".*

How Dull I Am, How Dull by Leroy Hatterjee. *Wry colonial novel set in the former British colony of Sri Arianna Bagwash (formerly the Huffington Islands), tells of the slow sexual awakening of an Indian bank clerk against the lowering backdrop of colonialist oppression (or at least that's what it says on the jacket).*

How Right They Were, How Right by Jill Patently-Ridiculous. *Turned down by 136 publishers, the novel tragically had to be published by the authoress.* (That's enough Booker shortlist. Ed.)

CASA FLAK
COSTA GERIATRICA
ALGARVE

Dear Bill,

What price the bullfighter joke overleaf? My Portuguese is a bit rusty, but I take it to be some reference to singing treble in the choir. I thought he had a look of Portillo about him, it may be the lipstick.

God, do I not like to be beside the seaside!

Re your enquiry about the Boss's health. I read in one of the blatts – I think the one where they'd covered her face in whitewash – that due to painful dentistry she had been forced to subsist for the last six months on a diet of soup. Electric soup would be nearer the truth. You or I, Bill, would put it down to hitting the bottle about as hard as it is possible to hit it, even by Maurice's standards. Ever since she got the Julius Caesar treatment from Geoffrius Mogodonus and his fellow Conspirators the old girl has been swilling them down as if there was no tomorrow, which, given the list of charges pending for the Boy Mark, it seems quite likely there won't be (at least for Swiss Family Thatcher).

What the buggers in the press don't seem to understand is that every penny of the Sheikh's £12 million bung has already been earmarked by the grasping Burgerdorff harpie and her lawyers for "aggravated psychological cruelty". Where Margaret is going to find another arms contract to pay for the rest of the trial, I have no idea.

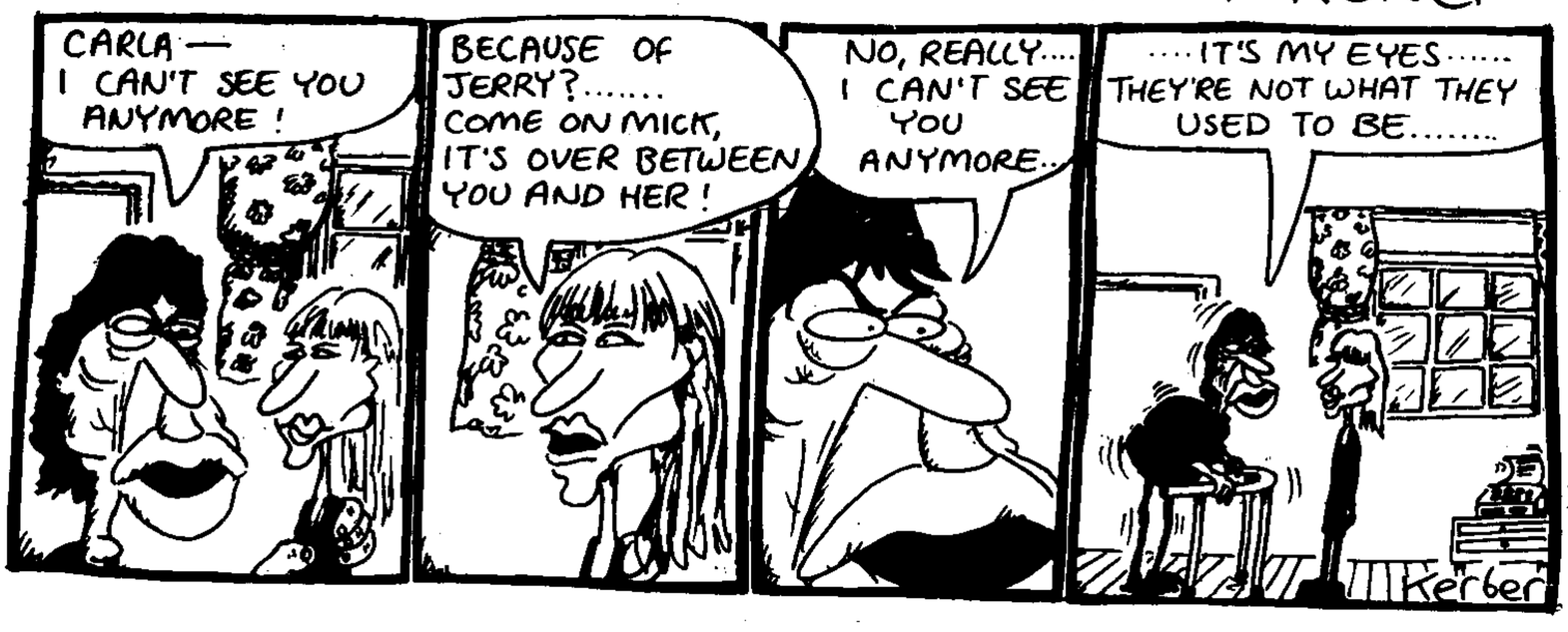
The widow's gong is sounding and tiffin calls.

Yours on remand,

Denis

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber


CARLA — I CAN'T SEE YOU ANYMORE!
BECAUSE OF JERRY?..... COME ON MICK, IT'S OVER BETWEEN YOU AND HER!
NO, REALLY.... I CAN'T SEE YOU ANYMORE..
.....IT'S MY EYES..... THEY'RE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE.....
Kerber

Please tick here ☐ if you do not wish to receive dire mail from other carefully screened companies.

Wine magazine sub renewal form

Heinz is first with frozen baby range *SuperMarketing*

Yet payment is "absolutely essential" to maintaining a supply of sperm donors, claims psychologist Susan Golombok of the City University in London. "I'm sure they would dry up if they were not paid," she says.

New Scientist

BOTTOMLEY LASHES 'NHS RED TAPE'

by Our NHS Staff
Lunchtime N'o Barts

MRS VIRGINIA Bottomley brought delegates at the Tory Conference to their feet today with a devastating attack on herself.

"In the last two years," she said, "the number of hospital managers has risen by 2 million per cent."

"How on earth", she went on, "can I be expected to keep open any hospitals when I have to pay for all these unnecessary bureaucrats that I have created?"

"I give you my solemn pledge", she concluded, "that I will devote whatever funds are necessary to set up a new Overmanning and Deregulation Agency to ensure as a matter of the highest urgency that the excesses which have so disfigured the health service since I became Secretary of State in 1992 are looked into with a view to taking whatever action may be necessary. To show how seriously I am taking this, I have asked for at least 3,000 new officials to be put onto this full-time, and to bring me a full report no later than the year 2020."

Mrs Bottomley is washed up.

ATILLO THE HUN WOWS DELEGATES

by Our Conference Reporter
Simon The Hefferlump

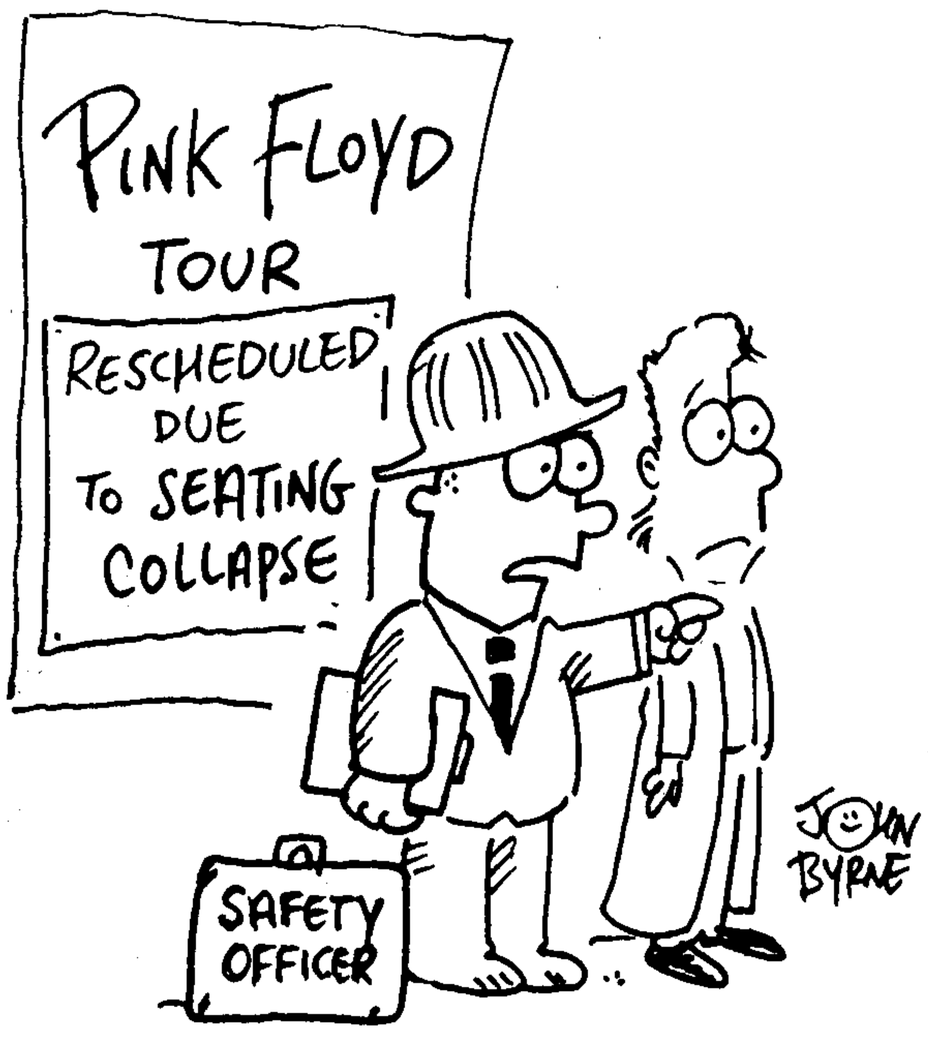
THE SURPRISE hit of this year's Tory Party Conference was a speech by Mr Michael Atillo (fondly known as "The Hun") in which he outlined plans to send hordes of Mongol horsemen across the continent to bring an end to what he called "The Menace of Europe".

"We're sick of them and their so-called Euro-standards," he told the assembled barbarians in the Bournemouth Conference Centre. "It's time they learnt that they can't push us around. Let's stop the rot! Let us use our symbol of flaming torches to set Brussels on fire."

There was a 90-minute ovation for Mr Atillo which was only spoilt by heckling from a section of the crowd who found his extremist rallying cry unpalatable.

"He's not right-wing enough," they shouted. "Can't we have Tony Blair instead?" *(Shurely 'Ghengis Khan'? Ed.)*

Mr Atillo is 46.



"And you'll need another brick in that wall..."

Lives of the Saints

No. 94

THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST CHARLES MOORE

ONE of England's most loved holy men, St Charles lived at the top of a tower in a remote corner of London.

One day a vision appeared before him in the shape of a beautiful young woman, calling herself Anna Pasternak.

"I am a ghost," she said. "I can offer you something that will bring you fame and fortune and boost the circulation of the *Sunday Telegraph* to at least three copies."

"No," said the saint. "Not another picture of the proprietor's wife in a mini-skirt?"

The apparition shook her head beguilingly. "Far, far sexier than that," she replied.

The saint meditated long and hard. "You don't mean", he stammered, "you can deliver me Mariella Frostrup's *Sunday Times* column, complete with a photo of the columnist in a revealing, low-cut dress?"

Again the waif-like temptress shook her dainty head. "Charles, baby," she said. "I am offering you the biggest scoop in the entire history of the world. But before I can disclose what it is, you must sign this confidentiality agreement."

The saint wrestled with his conscience for all of fifteen seconds, and signed.

"Now, Chazzo," said the tantalising phantom. "Here's the deal. I can give you the bloke who bonked Princess Di, in his own words, all the dirty bits, exclusive to the *Sunday Telegraph* for only £250,000."

All the torments of the nether region crowded round the holy man as he fought manfully with the temptation that had been presented to him.

On the one hand, he had always been prepared to go on *Newsnight* and attack Andrew Neill for this sort of thing.

But on the other, if he gave way, he would be blessed in the sight of his Master, King Conrad the Black, for putting up the sales.

What was he to do? For minutes on end, the saint writhed and squirmed on the satanic horns of this fearful dilemma.

But then he jumped from his chair and shouted: "Be gone, demon! I will have none of your unholy pact. Instead I shall appear on *Newsnight*, and write in the *Spectator*, telling the world of how noble I was to renounce your filthy offer."

NEXT WEEK: How St Jeffrey of Grantchester helped a poor Kurd to make £80,000 after hearing voices on the telephone.

DIARY

Jeremy Hanley: *Wonderful* to be with you. *Super* you could make it. *Great* to have you with us. Meeting people, that's what I'm best at, jollying them along and taking the message of this government's tremendous achievements to every doorstep in the country.

"For too long we as a party have been afraid to bang the drum for these great achievements," I told an interviewer at the Party Conference last week.

"And what are those great achievements?" he said.

"Sorry?" I said.

"And what are those great achievements?" he repeated.

"Ah," I said, "Now you're being *political*." And that pulled him up pretty sharply, I can tell you!

Michael Dobbs: I've just about had it up to here with politically-motivated people making party-political points to me. I didn't accept the post of Deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party for *that*. No way. Soon it'll be No More Mister Nice Guy time for Dobbsy, and I'm not kidding. For instance, last week in Bournemouth I happened to mention to a journalist that confidential records proved that Mr Tony so-called Blair had single-handedly murdered more people than Adolf Hitler.

"So you're saying Tony Blair's a mass-murderer?" he said.

"You're misquoting me, you're bloody *misquoting* me again," I said, "Your editor will be hearing from my solicitors in the morning."

Later in the day, I issued a full retraction of my previous statement, setting out fairly and squarely what I had intended to say before being wilfully misinterpreted, namely that *though there certainly remains no conclusive proof that Tony Blair has ever been caught red-handed in an act or acts of mass-murder*, there is every reason to believe that he would prove a very weak Prime Minister, a very weak Prime Minister indeed. Now, that's a very long way from the words the "Gentlemen of the Press" (!) put into my mouth — and I'm delighted to have been able to clear the matter up once and for all. Honestly! Sometimes, I think that it's like living in Germany under the Third Reich — or it will be if we let Labour in, and that's for sure.

JEREMY HANLEY
AND
MICHAEL DOBBS

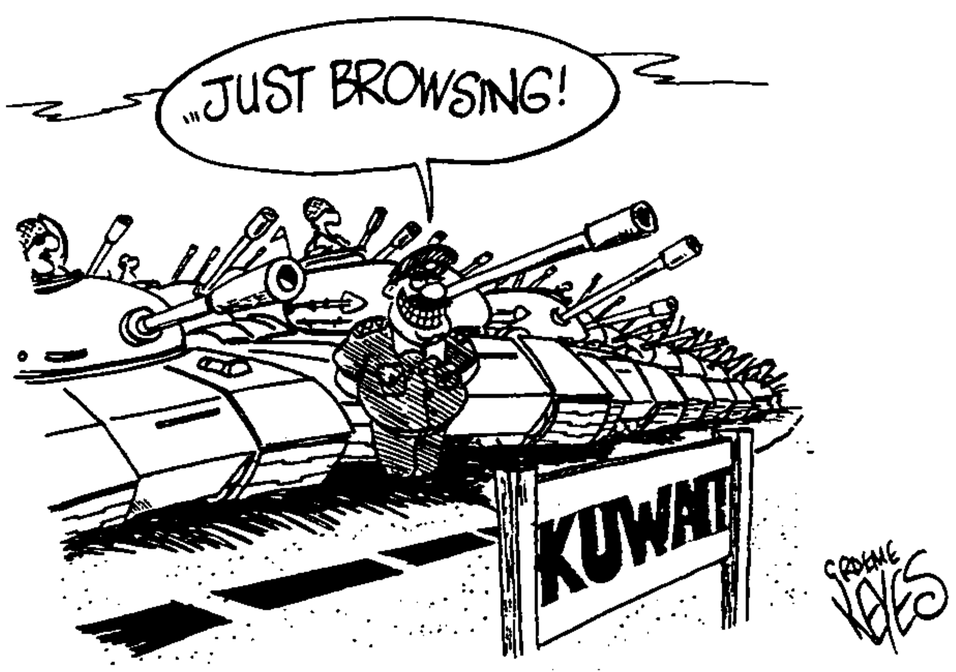
Jeremy Hanley: Good point, Michael. *Marvellous*. You see, we've got to get our message over loud and clear. We can't leave the people of this country with a shadow of a doubt over exactly what a Labour government would mean to them and not only to them but to their pockets. Some of us are lucky enough to have big pockets, and we don't want to see them getting any smaller. On the other hand, there are some other poor devils with small pockets, and we don't want to see them getting any bigger. I mean smaller. Yes, I'll retract that. What I really mean is that we're going to make sure that people with small pockets don't have any pockets at all to bother about, so that they can wear "leggings", giving them a leaner, healthier look, and giving those with good big pockets the chance to stand on their own two feet.

Extremely glad to have cleared that up. And so to our message, short, sharp and simple, phrased in punchy slogans. It is this. This is it. Is it this? Yes. It this is: Mr Tony Blair is not a Socialist. He has completely abandoned his Socialist principles. Mr Tony Blair is a Conservative. Vote for him, and you'll be voting Conservative. But here's the great lie. Tony Blair's not a Conservative, he's very much a Socialist, and he doesn't mind who knows it. So don't vote for him unless you want to vote Socialist. In which case, he's the wrong man for you — because he's basically a Conservative, through and through. *And let no one try and muddle you into thinking any different, because, quite frankly, there's all the difference in the world.*

Michael Dobbs: Could I just clear up one important point? There has been a lot of nonsense spoken in recent weeks of our "sidelining" of Jeffrey Archer. Frankly, nothing could be further from the truth. Our Party considers Jeffrey Archer a devoted friend, whom we could count on in good times as well as in bad. He made an outstanding contribution to the fortunes of the Conservative Party, and for that we thank him from the bottom of our hearts. His parties were legendary for attracting all the great names of the Conservative upper echelons — with quite a few stars of stage and screen thrown in for good measure! We will not lightly forget his extraordinary skill as an orator, his passionate commitment to Conservative values, nor his remarkable generosity with his great political and presentational know-how. Let there be no doubt about it. We will always remember the late Lord Archer with great affection. May he rest in peace.

Jeremy Hanley: A word or two about John Major. A lot of people don't seem to realise he's the best Prime Minister we've got. Our task is to make it clear to the people out there that John Major is the right man in the right place at the right time in a right pickle, no, that's not what I meant to say at all, quite the opposite, he's not in a right pickle, he's in a wrong pickle, yes, he's the wrong pickle in the right place at the wrong time, and that's why we have a duty to undersell his achievements, and he's easily the best Prime Minister we never had. John Major is a man who's not prepared to be anything other than himself, but given time I have every reason to believe he'll change his mind. What people don't seem to realise is that he's feared in Europe as a negotiator. Grown men tremble in their shoes at his entry into any negotiating room. "Oh no!" they say, as he takes his seat around the negotiating table. "It's John Minor again!". Did I say "Minor"? I retract that. I meant Major. Though in some ways, he IS a minor Prime Minister, and, my goodness, that's a jolly courageous and far-sighted thing to be in this day and age.

Michael Dobbs: Quite. And I've got graphs to prove that most ordinary, decent people would prefer a Prime Minister who is ready to be much duller than most people give him credit for, and is prepared, under very great pressure, to sacrifice the long term interests of his country for the good of his party. That's not what I said, not what I said at all, you're misquoting. I'm sorry, but you'll be hearing from my solicitors in the morning.



Video Choice

Groundwar Day

CLASSIC film about a man who wakes up every day to find that Saddam is about to invade Kuwait! History repeats itself and Bill can't escape! The only way out is to do something right — i.e. depose Saddam! But he won't do it! Hilarious.

Literary Review

Class bore

A Mingled Measure: Diaries, 1953-1972
James Lees-Milne
(John Murray, £19.99)

THE gentlemanly reviewers of the *Spectator* and *Sunday Telegraph* go into regular ecstasies over James Lees-Milne.

According to Hugh Massingberd, Lees-Milnes' diaries are "among the best of the 20th century". The current volume, Massivesnob went on, is "an intoxicating mixture of self-deprecating irony, feline observation, gossipy anecdote, prickly moralising, reactionary sentiment and romantic yearning".

Gosh! *That* good eh? Actually, no, not at all. In fact, the tone of *A Mingled Measure* declares itself from the very first entry, penned as it happens in the South of France in January 1953: "Willie (Somerset) Maugham who dined with Alvilde [Lees-Milne's wife) and me tonight in Monte Carlo talked of Rudyard Kipling 'not being quite a gent'." Some key components of the Lees-Milne world snap immediately into place: famous names, exotic settings, the memory of even more famous names and — inevitably — snobbery.

It isn't the fault of "Jim" Lees-Milne (b.1908) that he went to Eton, had grand friends or knew how to conduct himself in polite society. Rather less excusable, perhaps, is his inability not to look down his nose at those of us who weren't born with these inestimable advantages. But the impulse is quite unstoppable, and throughout his agreeable post-war promenading — the trips round stately homes on behalf of the National Trust, the hobnobbing with assorted dukes and duchesses, the summonses to attend papal commissions — it affects his old-world musings like a kind of blight, that old *haute anglaise* maundering over the submersion of ancient decencies beneath a tide of barbarism.

We're all damned of course. The "two youths of about 18" spied at dinner in a hotel who preferred artificial cream to the real thing; the Midland Bank functionaries with their ghastly computers. Religion (inevitably Lees-Milne is a Roman Catholic) is a worry: "The lower (classes) consider religion tosh. I wonder if, when they, *if* they ever become better educated, they will return to the churches. I doubt it." Even the picturesque French retreat where he and his wife sequester themselves for three months of the year is occasionally a mite too bucolic for his liking. In particular the trousers of the local peasantry are "so filthy that I dared not look too close", and a quiet sit-down outside a cafe is ruined by a voluble Frenchman addressing his family: "The substance of his talk was mere gossip about his relatives... wonderfully insensitive to feelings of neighbouring tables."

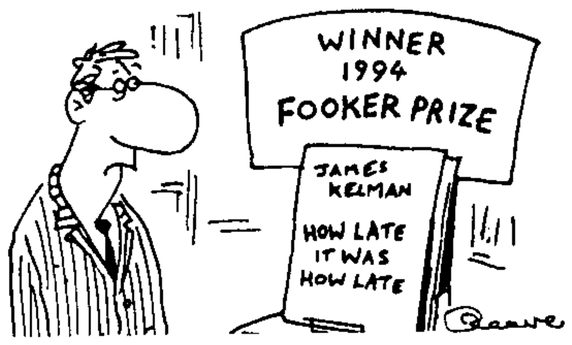
Oh my dear! How too too sick-making! One may laugh at this kind of nose-averted twitter, but in truth it takes courage to be *openly* quite such a snob as this, and never more so than when we get on to Lees-Milne's particular area of expertise: stately homes, old houses and what hangs above their fireplaces.

Writing about his indifference to the removal of foreign paintings from British soil, he notes: "I would admittedly prefer that they did not go to America where they inevitably end up in museums and are never likely to move around in private hands again." Art, you see, is a kind of exalted pass-the-parcel for the upper classes, and the idea of a picture hanging in a museum where the mob can gawp at it clearly makes Jim feel sick.

On the back Lees-Milne is quoted to the effect that a journal should be "spontaneous". This is odd, for like many another diary of this kind his own reads not exactly as if it were written to an audience but with a phantom reader dimly in mind — an old friend, let us say, with whom he enjoys not entirely cordial relations. There is a revealing entry in which the diarist chunters on about a 1930s houseparty attended by a roll call of the great and the good. "Why they had invited me I just can't imagine," he remarks innocently. About eight double-barrelled names are dutifully recalled. "They are all dead except me," Lees-Milne continues helpfully. "I am alive."

Indeed yes. And kicking too. There is great forensic value in these journals — the last cry of wounded, patrician England as it goes down before the barbarian hordes, and, without their author realising it, a cogent explanation of the whole course of recent social history. John Major, the meritocratic society, tabloid newspapers, satellite TV, people called Wayne and Gary — these things *had to happen*.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN



■ THE five Booker judges, having perpetrated probably the dullest shortlist of six novels in the history of the world, just couldn't win. And nor did they.

Only three titles were "seriously" considered by the judges: chairperson John "Old" Bayley (hubbie of previous winner Dame Irish Murdoch); Rabbi Julia Neuberger; the *Grauniad*'s earnest James Wood (hoist with his own petard earlier in the proceedings by not declaring that one of the submitted books was by his missus, *Grauniad* reviewer Claire Messud); and two Scotsmen — Alan Taylor, deputy editor of *Scotland on Sunday*; and that great proponent of colonial literature, Dr Alastair Niven of the Arts Council.

One Scotsman, George Mackay Brown, and the two colonialists, Romesh Gunesekera and Abdulrazak Gurnah, were quickly sent packing. It is quite extraordinary that Jill Paton Walsh's simple little fable, *Knowledge of Angels*, nearly won the prize: not because, as the world is weary of hearing, it was largely self-published but because it is not a novel to be taken seriously by anyone concerned with fiction as an art form.

On BBC television, Germaine Greer sneered that the judges hadn't had the courage to give the prize to the tight little metropolitan homosexual candidate, Alan Hollinghurst's *The Folding Star*. On the contrary, it is to their credit that they didn't do the politically correct thing, even though, according to the disgruntled blabbermouth Neuberger, two of the five judges favoured it.

Instead the prize went, hilariously, to yesterday's Glaswegian novelist James Kelman for *How Long, O Lord, How Long?*

Jimmy must have been tipped off that he'd won because there he was at the Guildhall, having previously forsworn the ceremony, with his wife and daughter. He didn't swallow his pride and wear a penguin suit, but he was respectably dressed. The hardman, who hadn't deigned to appear when previously listed five years ago with *A Disaffection* — which should have won — had succumbed to the fleshpots.

It was worth staying at home to watch the proceedings on telly, although organiser Martyn Goff and his cohorts apparently couldn't persuade enough people to attend the dinner. Surprising, this, as Booksellers' Association president "Admiral" Bing-Taylor complained that he wasn't invited. The usual rent-a-literary-mob was there with TV's Inspector Morse and born-again intellectual Kenneth Baker adding the nearest to "glamour" the event could manage.

Sarah Dunant and her three companions on the BBC programme rather than Booker now call the shots. As the Guildhall diners scurried back to their tables from the lavs to hear old Bayley announce the winner, La Dunant and her critical pals prattled on. "They'll wait for us," she insisted menacingly. And indeed they did.

The real mystery is why almighty Goff comes up year in, year out with such ridiculous teams of judges. Probably it is because they are paid so little (£3,000 to the chair) to read so many books: 130 this year. Bayley is said to have been the feeblest chairman in years, and this allowed stroppy Alan Taylor to push Kelman through. The other judges just wanted their dinner.

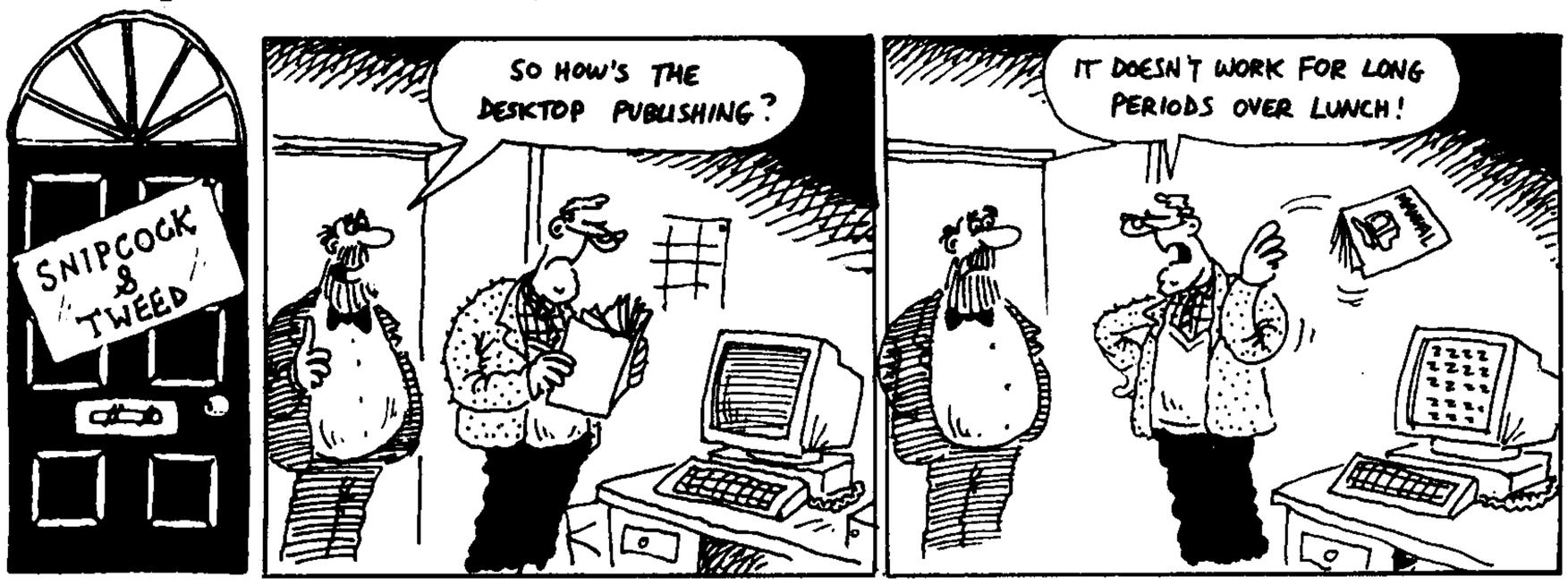
LIBRARY CORNER

☐ A NEW fear is stalking Britain's public libraries: not fear of Enid Blyton-style political incorrectness, but a fear of, er, books.

One visitor to Camden council's library at Swiss Cottage, north London, was taken aback when librarians there refused to fetch the book he wanted. Why? They were too scared.

The main library's storeroom now houses the entire reference collections of both St Pancras and Holborn libraries, which have been closed. The towering piles of books are so dangerous, the librarians claim, that they dare not pass by them to reach their own bookshelves. They have been unable to pile the books safely because of staff cutbacks.

'Bookworm'



footnotes

THE BLACKFORD HOLE

DOCUMENTS arrive at *Private Eye* concerning a company called Blackford Holdings, together with the suggestion that Blackford's pours Kuwaiti money into the Conservative party.

The documents, which come from Panama where Blackford's is registered, reveal that Blackford's manages an enormous income from Kuwaiti-owned property and shares in England. A schedule of current and projected project costs at the end of 1991 showed estimated surpluses on the St Giles (London) Portfolio of £51 million; East of England Portfolio (£12.6 million); General Portfolio (£13.5 million) — total £77 million.

The company appears to be owned by the ruling Al Sabah family in Kuwait. Its directors do not give addresses. The most recent to be named are Neal Collier (president, treasurer and director); Michael Ellis (vice-president and director); and Maria Veiga, (secretary and director). Since the company is registered in Panama, it does not have to disclose any political donations.

Blackford's used to be the biggest client of

FRASERS' FRAGRANCY: Dr Archer (left) and friend

what was once a small merchant bank called Robert Fraser. The bank features in the recent biography of Jeffrey (Lord) Archer by Jonathan Mantle, as follows:

"That February [1987] Mary [Lady Archer] expanded her new freelance operations. The former Newnham don became 'scientific consultant' to the merchant bank Robert Fraser. The bank, based in Albemarle Street a few doors down from where Mary had worked at the Royal Institution, had long been connected with the Archer family. Chairman of directors Geoffrey Rippon had of course been a founder shareholder in the Archer Gallery. Director Colin Emson was Jeffrey's personal money manager."

At that time, of course, Jeffrey Archer had recently resigned as deputy chairman of the Tory party. Lord (Geoffrey) Rippon is a former Tory cabinet minister.

No one, it seems, wants to disclose any information about Blackford Holdings. Mr Malcolm Savage, managing director of St Martins, the vastly rich company registered in London which runs the main Kuwaiti property portfolio in London, says: "We have absolutely no involvement with the activities of Blackford Holdings or with the merchant bank to which you refer [Frasers] and accordingly I am unable to assist with your inquiries."

Sir Denis Walters, the former Tory MP who advises the Kuwaiti Investment Office in London and is a personal friend of the emir of Kuwait, says he doesn't know anything about Blackford's either. The names Neal Collier, Michael Ellis and Maria Veiga meant nothing to him. The *Eye* asked Colin Emson of Robert Fraser if he could help with information about Blackford's and particularly if Blackford's made donations to the Tory party.

Frasers replied: "Robert Fraser and Partners does not comment on the affairs of any party which has been or may have been a client or customer of the company during the period it provided banking services."

Frasers confirmed that it decided to "discontinue banking services" at the end of 1992, and that Dr Mary Archer's consultancy with the bank was also "discontinued" then. Asked about Lord Archer, the bank would only say that it has not provided any banking or financial services to any party since September 1992.

There was no reference in the reply to Blackford Holdings.

Gravy Train 1

■ IN THE good old days when merchant banks could make fortunes from privatisation, one of the oldest and richest of them all, Hill Samuel, needed a political adviser. So they borrowed from their stockbrokers a young Tory MP called Tim Eggar.

Eggar advised the bank to take top civil servants to lunch and to Wimbledon. Before the bank could assess the value of his advice, Eggar became a junior minister and had to leave. Now Hill Samuel has done *much* better: it has bought a secretary of state.

The Rt Hon John MacGregor, secretary of state for transport until July, joined the bank at a reported salary (for two days a week) of £50,000 a year. The department of transport admitted ruefully that Hill Samuel advised British Rail on the Channel Tunnel rail link. It hoped that would be the end of the matter. But Labour transport spokesman Brian Wilson points out that Hill Samuel was also advising the Vendor Unit, the absurdly-named outfit flogging off the enormously valuable assets of British Rail.

The appointment to the Vendor Unit was made on the same day (20 July) that MacGregor left his job as secretary of state for transport. For months, MacGregor had encouraged rumours that his days as a cabinet minister were numbered and it was time for him, like so many of his predecessors, to make some money in the City. As secretary of state he must have sanctioned the granting by British Rail of one of its most lucrative merchant banker contracts to the bank he was to join.

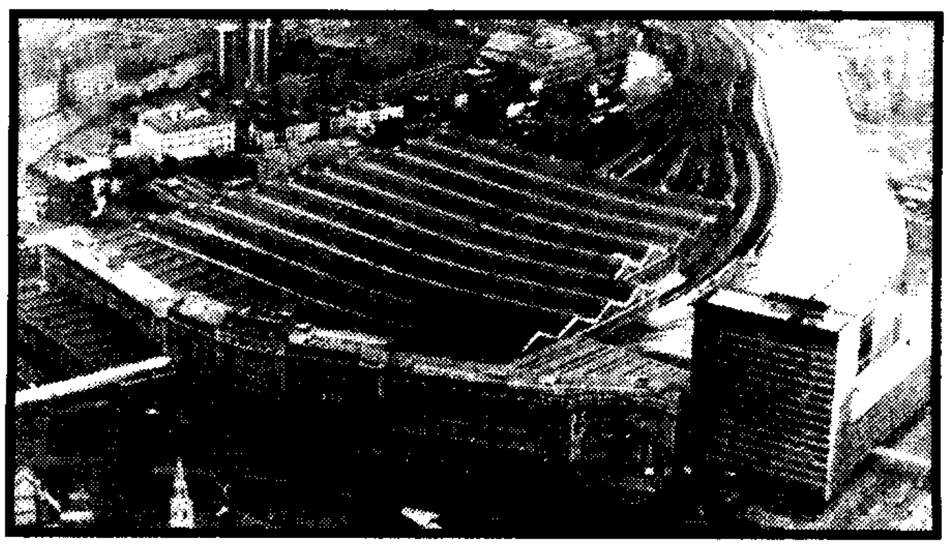
***SLEAZY DOES IT:** John MacGregor and Cecil Parkinson*

"Same day sleaze" is not a new phenomenon in the recent career of John MacGregor. *Eye* readers will recall the sad departure of MacGregor's chief adviser on privatisation, Sir Christopher Foster. On the same day he left (23 November last year), Sir Christopher was appointed by his old mate John MacGregor as deputy chairman of Railtrack. Who was chairman of Railtrack? Bob Horton, an old college chum of... John MacGregor.

This was not the first time Bob had come to the aid of his college friend, the secretary of state. In 1989, when MacGregor was education secretary, he needed a dedicated but dull Thatcherite to head up his new national curriculum council (NCC). He asked Horton for help. Bob came up with the name of one of his brightest executives at BP, David Pascall, who swiftly got the NCC job. MacGregor also appointed to the NCC a former primary school teacher, who, he was assured, was "sound" on government education policy. Her name was Beverley Anderson.

When MacGregor moved to transport some years later, there was no need to ask Bob Horton to recommend a chairman of Railtrack. Horton had been chucked out of BP for his imperious and insulting behaviour, not to mention huge financial losses. So Horton was free to do the Railtrack job himself. His board was joined by Beverley Anderson.

At once MacGregor made sure that Railtrack could not settle the signal workers' dispute for the modest amount it had suggested. He ordered Horton to refuse a 5.7 percent claim and to stand firm on the refusal — until months later when Horton and Co were forced to settle for, er, 8 percent. By that time, MacGregor had left his chums in the lurch and was laughing all the way to his new bank.



JUICY ASSETS FOR PARKY: Waterloo station

Gravy Train 2

■ THERE IS nothing exceptional about secretaries of state for transport going on to make money out of public transport. Three consortia are bidding for the mammoth contract to provide the high-speed link to the tunnel. The victors will scoop up enormous publicly-owned assets, including the brand new terminal at Waterloo. This largesse was always on the cards, but it has been delayed and inflated for six years because the secretary of state for transport — Cecil, now Lord Parkinson — once told a Tory party conference that not a penny of public money would go into the Chunnel rail link. He's been proved completely wrong of course. But he may not suffer. The favourite of the three consortia is Eurorail, which is backed by the government's favourite construction company, Trafalgar House.

No prizes for guessing the name of the chairman of Eurorail: it is Lord Parkinson.

DUST TO BUST

MEMBERS of the beleaguered council of Lloyd's of London watched the BBC's long sob-story about impoverished Lloyd's "Names" (BBC1, 13 October) in some anxiety.

They were specially worried by the appearance of John Donner, who worked at Lloyd's in senior positions as broker and underwriter for 40 years. On the programme, Donner, who plans to sue Lloyd's, read out a letter from New York lawyers to the Lloyd's asbestos working party in 1981.

The letter analyzed the flood of claims against employers who had negligently and illegally allowed their workers to come in contact with asbestos, with appalling results for their health. The claims for compensation, said the letter, were growing into an avalanche which would engulf the whole of the Lloyd's insurance market throughout the 1980s unless something drastic was done.

The main allegation against members of the inner circle at Lloyd's is that they knew well in advance of the awful crisis into which they were plunging. Instead of coming clean, informing the Names and preparing to meet their responsibilities — if necessary by the bankruptcy of existing Names — the council sought other remedies.

First, with the help of Michael Meacher, the Labour leftwinger whose stirring articles about the "Goldfingers" of the Lloyd's market are a feature of the left-wing weekly *Tribune* of the time, they pushed through parliament a new 1982 act which guaranteed them immunity from actions for negligence.

Next, they engaged in a helter-skelter recruitment drive which increased the Lloyd's names from 18,000-odd in 1981 to 32,000-odd in 1988, an increase far bigger than at any other stage in Lloyd's 300-year history. None of these new names had the slightest idea of the extent of the asbestos crisis. They thought that Lloyd's was the same old market where names got money for nothing, and they joined enthusiastically on the traditional basis of unlimited liability. Many, if not most, are now ruined.

The chairman of the asbestos working party which received the American lawyers' report was the late Mr Don Taylor, a director of the agency company Wrightson. The managing director of the Wrightson holding company at the time was Mr David Rowland, now chairman of Lloyd's.

PS: Mr Donner's campaign against Lloyd's has got him and his family into trouble. He has had threatening letters and two anonymous death threats by telephone. On 10 October he wrote to the chief constable of Avon and Somerset complaining of dirty tricks and asking for police protection.

Ian Henderson, manager of the loss review department at Lloyd's, who has been trying to coordinate information on the asbestos working party and related matters, has had his office ransacked three times in recent months. The other day he got an envelope through the post with a bullet in it.

Put another Nicholls in

■ DESPERATE to blunt the effect of the recent report on their country by Amnesty International, the dictators of Indonesia called up their secret weapon: Patrick Nicholls, 45, an energetic lawyer who sits as Tory MP for Teignbridge.

Amnesty's report starts with a savage indictment of Indonesia's New Order government, which, it says, has been "responsible for human rights violations on a staggering scale since a military coup brought it to power in 1965. Hundreds of thousands of civilians have been killed, their mutilated corpses sometimes left in public places to rot..."

Fasten your sick bags for the words of Patrick Nicholls on a recent visit to East Timor, where the worst horrors had occured. He was gleefully quoted in the servile *Indonesia Observer* on 22 September. "Mr Nicholls said that the human rights in the province have been protected in line with the country's laws and regulations, disagreeing with reports portraying negative human rights records in East Timor."

For good measure "he also hailed the armed forces officers who are engaged in educational and social activities by, for instance, providing computer courses and mechanic training for East Timorese youths".

Nicholls was on what was called a "parliamentary delegation", though the only Labour MP on the parliamentary Indonesian committee, David Young from Bradford, was conspicuous by his absence. The "delegation" was really only Nicholls plus the usual brace of Ulster Unionists.

This is not Mr Nicholls's first paid-for visit to Indonesia. He was there for five days in June 1992, though he forgot to mention this in the MPs' register of interests of December 1992. In the current register — January 1994 — he declares the 1992 visit and discloses the remarkable information that his fare and hotels were paid for by the celebrated dirty tricks specialists, British Airways.

WOLVERHAMPTON PLUNDERERS — LATE RESULT

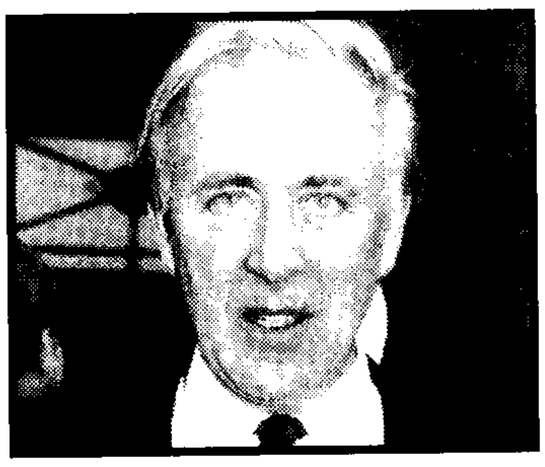
THE Eye report of 12 August on pensions at the West Midlands industrial combine CMT has caused the DTI to reopen the case.

Making a silks' purse

■ A HOST of lefty lawyers are lined up to defend Lady Porter and her gang from Westminster council against the greatest corruption charges in history.

Appearing for La Porter in front of the mild-mannered district auditor, John Magill, is Anthony Scrivener, the man who once wanted to be Labour lord chancellor but has now settled for a comfortable life on the fees of Asil Nadir and the Tesco Queen. (Scrivener's brief for the five-week hearing is said to be marked £150,000). Scrivener's junior is Stuart Cakebread, a former Labour councillor at Lambeth.

Representing Paul Hayler, Westminster's former deputy director of housing, is barrister Bill Birtles who was once very leftwing indeed and is married to Neil Kinnock's former press secretary, Patricia Hewitt.



ASIL'S MAN - AND SHIRLEY'S: Anthony Scrivener QC

Former director of housing Graham England relies on the forensic skill of Jeremy McMullen, former legal officer for the General Municipal and Boilermakers' Union. Can all these left-wingers, inspired by vast fees from the Porter millions, save the Westminster gang from a multi-million pound surcharge? The overall view in the Temple is "er, no".

All MI-xed up

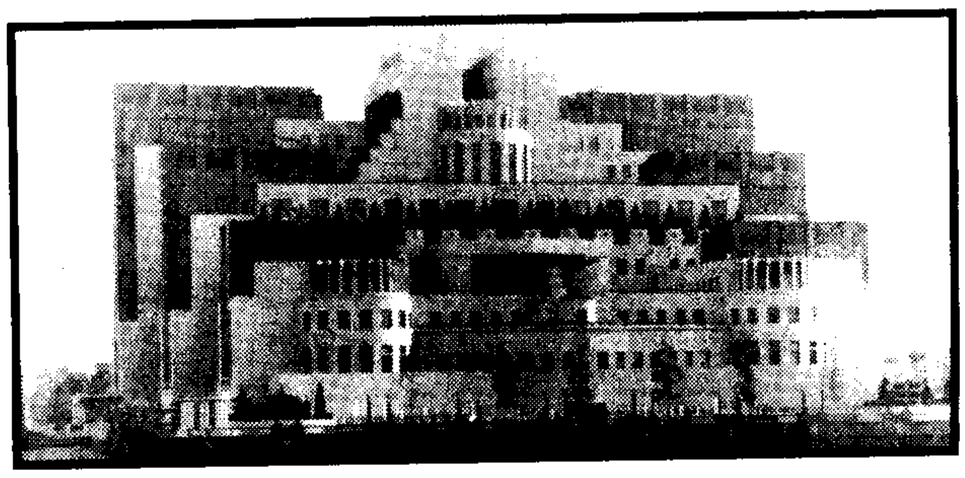
■ A DREADFUL rumour is running through MI5: that it will shortly have to merge with MI6.

Both security services are shrinking all the time. Russia and Eastern Europe are now friendly countries. The African National Congress now forms the government of South Africa. Worst of all is the outbreak of peace in Northern Ireland which took up nearly half the work of MI5.

In her introduction to last year's home office brochure, *The Security Services*, Stella Rimington, MI5 director-general, promises that in 1994: "We will occupy new headquarters in Thames House on Millbank, where the Service had offices in the 1930s." The move, she says, will help coordinate technology from "our present widely separated buildings".

Yet when Allied Dunbar recently evacuated the old British American Tobacco HQ in Dean Stanley Street off Smith Square, droves of MI5 agents moved in. They are still there and have been told the move to Thames House must be delayed while the government decides how much public money to waste on a service protecting us from an enemy which doesn't exist. The current government view is that MI5 might as well take a floor in the MI6 building at Vauxhall Cross (which cost £86 million and led to nasty allegations about the £4 million furniture (see *Private Eye*, 19 November 1993).

MI5 and MI6 have been at each other's throats ever since they were set up, and a move by MI5 to Vauxhall Cross could solve the problem of what the spies are meant to do — they can spy on each other.



SPOOKS CORNER: which floor for MI5?

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

JEFFREY ARCHER's high risk "back me or sack me" strategy with his fast disappearing friends in the would-be sleaze-free Tory party seems most unlikely to succeed. Even his chum John Major, not to mention the not so chummy Michael Heseltine, know only too well how close the great storyteller came to being prosecuted for insider trading.

Those with knowledge of the Archer case and of past prosecution decisions by the Department of Timidity & Inaction believe that Archer both could and should have been prosecuted over the £80,000 profit he made for his friend Broosk Saib by buying Anglia TV shares ahead of the MAI bid.

They point to the fact that the issue of guilt is one for the jury. If, as in Archer's case, there was strong circumstantial evidence that he had used privileged information, then the facts should have been put before a jury to decide. It was not necessary to show that Archer had personally benefited; merely that he had used inside information.

In the past 13 years the DTI has brought 51 prosecutions for insider trading — many of them on evidence as strongly circumstantial as that against Archer. Which may help explain both the high number of failures, 29, and the reluctance of the DTI lawyers to take on a rich, persuasive target such as Archer. It may also explain why — on legal advice and despite pressure from the nervous and suspicious Tory hierarchy — both Archer and Saib have continued to stay silent, even though the only jury they now face is that of public opinion.

Experts on insider trading point to three past cases similar or relevant to the Archer case which resulted not only in prosecutions but guilty pleas. But none of these of course involved a former deputy Tory party chairman. And all involved sums far smaller than £80,000 — larger than the profits made in almost all previous prosecutions.

In only the second insider trading prosecution, husband and wife John and Joyce Titheridge were prosecuted in 1982 for share deals he carried out in a bid target on the basis of information mentioned by Mrs Titheridge, a secretary at merchant bankers Hill Samuel. She typed documents relating to the bid but denied she knew her husband used that information to make a £7,500 profit. The Titheridges were fined £4,000 each.

Then in 1989 the DTI obtained the conviction of Keith Robinson over his dealing in Mercantile House shares after he learned of a possible bid from his brother-in-law, Mercantile chairman John Barkshire. Barkshire had not intended Robinson to deal on the information he gleaned at a family gathering (possibly from a document inadvertently left on view) and was not prosecuted. Robinson's wife Penelope, in whose name he made a £2,250 profit, had charges against her dropped. Robinson was fined £1,000.

This case followed a law lords ruling that someone could be convicted of insider trading even if he or she obtained price sensitive information by accident and used it to deal.

In 1990 brothers Peter and John Lukins were convicted after pleading guilty to using information obtained in a casual conversation after church with the company secretary of Pittard Garner. Learning that the leather group was about to give a profits warning they sold shares and avoided a £5,000 loss. The brothers were fined a total of £1,250. The Pittard executive was not charged.

All of which suggests that where there is a will, prosecutors can find a way. But as the *Eye* has maintained from the very beginning, the decision not to prosecute Archer was taken on different criteria. Where high profile defendants are concerned, the DTI always looks for a much higher burden of proof than is required for lesser mortals. A better than 50 percent chance of conviction was never going to get it done. Nearer 75 percent or even higher was more likely. And with the fragrant Mary expected to testify that she never mentioned the MAI bid, and Jeffrey and Broosk saying they did not know about it, that level of proof was never on. So there was ample reason to decide no further action should be taken.

The belief is that the inspectors advised against prosecution, largely because of the difficulty of obtaining a conviction due to being unable to prove Archer knew about the bid not because he had been "cleared" by their investigation as the great storyteller claims. The circumstantial evidence of the timing of the purchase of the 50,000 shares by the husband of an Anglia director (immediately after the directors were told the MAI bid was agreed); the use of Saib's name and a broker with whom neither man had ever dealt; dealing for the new account which meant no money had to be paid up front; and selling immediately the bid was out would not have been enough faced by blanket denials and the "beyond a reasonable doubt" test.

Usually that would have been that, but it seems to obtain some political insurance the inspectors' verdict was double checked with another QC. That confirmed the legal mountain the DTI would have to climb unless Archer was prepared to put his hands up — unlikely as that would amount to political suicide for the ambitious Jeffrey. And given his connections a defeat in court was not something anyone at the DTI seems to have been enthusiastic about taking responsibility for, even though it had been there before — 29 times.

Which only goes to show that the rich and politically connected are different. But then that, like abuse of power, should come as no surprise.

THE "BEAR" raid on Lonrho shares last week indicates a second external front is opening up in the boardroom battle between those erstwhile "indivisible" joint chief executives, "Tiny" Rowland and Dieter Bock.

Although Bock failed in his recent "putsch" — when he was unable to rally the writ-fearing non-executives behind his move to strip Rowland of his power — it is only a matter of time before Mr Lonrho is in a minority of one.

At the end of this month the last veteran Rowland loyalist, chairman Rene Leclezio, steps down to be replaced by non-executive Sir John Leahy. This leaves possibly John Hewlett as Rowland's last reliable ally. The other six executive directors are either firmly in the Bock camp or uncomfortably perched on the Cheapside fence but leaning to Bock as the man more likely to control their future prospects while fearful of incurring the wrath of Rowland as ingrates. The three non-executives are likely to back Bock so long as this does not precipitate a Fayed-style vendetta.

Meanwhile Rowland plots Bock's downfall. Which brings us back to the run on the Lonrho share price inspired by rumours of Bock's financial problems in Germany where his fortune is based.

It has long been the Rowland view that if the Lonrho price were to fall well below the present 133p Bock would come under pressure from the bankers who financed with £100 million his £135 million purchase of half Rowland's stake (for £50 million) and the subsequent right issue. If Bock were to lose control of this 19 percent holding and/or was unable to come up with the money to purchase Rowland's remaining 6 percent stake (currently worth £60 million) in a year's time, "Tiny" could stage yet another comeback.

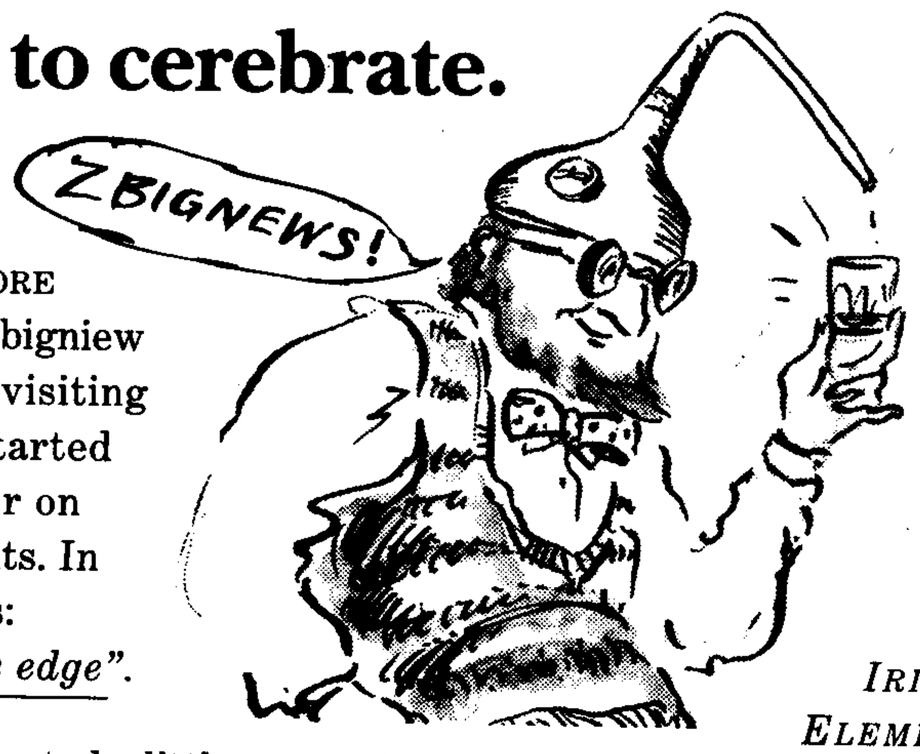
The only problem is this could see the shares heading south once again back towards the 80p at which point Bock was conjured up by Rowland two years ago. And that would leave Rowland a poorer if happier man.

Whether Bock is financially vulnerable remains to be seen — he says not, but then they always do. Equally uncertain is whether Rowland wants to embark on a scorched earth policy and reduce his own wealth at 76. Bock could marginalise Rowland, forcing through policy decisions that he can oppose but not block, while waiting for another opportunity to rid himself of the turbulent Tiny.

As for Rowland, if the financial squeeze does not work, maybe a rich payoff could ease his exit. For come December 1995 when Bock can force Rowland to sell his remaining shares the game will be over. At that point it is suspected the letter of understanding which protects Rowland's role and perks, the legal threat which cowed the non-executives last time, may also expire. The price for leaving Lonrho may be much sweeter therefore sooner rather than later.

'Slicker'

Something to cerebrate.



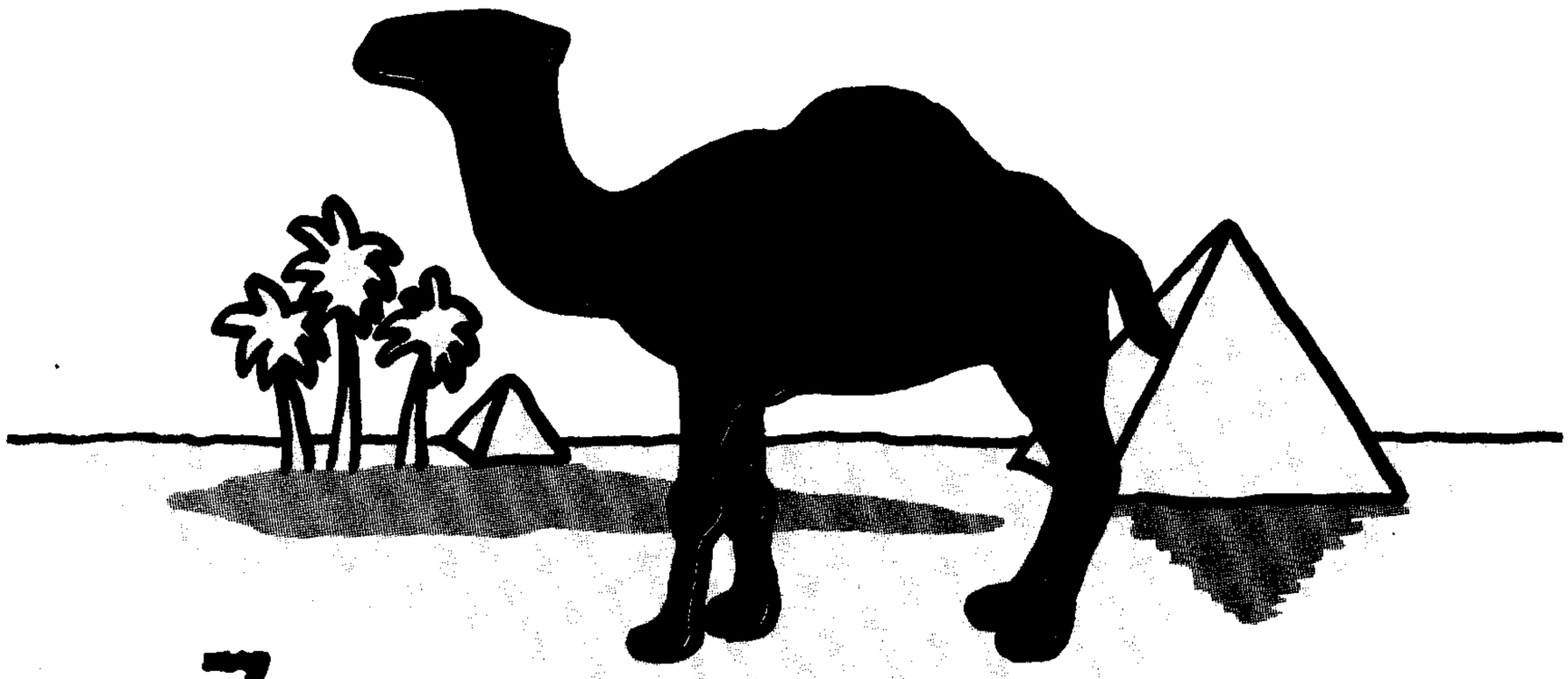
ONLY TWO WEEKS BEFORE DEADLINE, and Dr. Zbigniew Sawlowicz of Cracow – visiting Britain – still hadn't started his 10,000 word paper on platinum group elements. In his own (six) words: *"My brain was on the edge"*.

Happily, a friend suggested a little something to get the ink flowing – a judicious measure of THE MACALLAN "to be sipped slowly and regularly through two weeks". It worked so well that Dr. Zbigniew tells us: *"It made the impossible possible"*. And, very graciously, he included The Macallan in the list of acknowledgements at the end of his paper – *the first time* a whisky has been so honoured in a scientific journal.

Just in case you missed his *IRIDIUM AND OTHER PLATINUM-GROUP ELEMENTS AS GEOCHEMICAL MARKERS IN SEDIMENTARY ENVIRONMENTS*, we thought you ought to know.

The MACALLAN
The Malt

NEW CAMEL MILD



7 things YOU didn't know about

SMOOTH-TASTING

Camel Mild

1. A Camel Mild is a smooth-tasting cigarette. A mild camel is an unprepossessing dromedary probably destined for a career in accountancy or social work.

2. The latin name for Camel Mild is Camelus Lenis.

3 The hard of hearing never confuse Camel Mild with Camomile because the former tastes smoother.

4. It is a myth that camels store water in their humps However, up to 72 millilitres of water can be stored in a pack of Camel Mild. Remember to remove the cigarettes first to avoid spoiling the smooth taste.

5. A camelhair brush is usually made of squirrel hair. No squirrel hair is used in the making of Camel Mild as this would affect the smooth taste.

6 If a pack of Camel Mild was collapsed into a black hole, the smooth taste would never escape its gravitational pull. Let's be careful out there.

7. Camel Mulled is often served around the oasis at Christmas time. Rough and fiery, it is nothing like Camel Mild which is renowned for its smooth taste.

9mg TAR 0·7mg NICOTINE

SMOKING KILLS

Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

specialEYEs

meeting people

SIRIUS

THE INTELLIGENT PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY

We provide a nation-wide service for the intelligent, articulate and well educated person. We are as selective as you are and our service is very different. Listen to our 24 hr information line.

The only BS 5750 Registered Agency! Freepost 305 London EC1B 1SY

Southern Office (071) 256 6123 Northern Office (0625) 860 924 Scottish Office (031) 225 3606

KATHARINE ALLEN

'The highly respected marriage bureau'
(The Independent) Established 1960
18 Thayer Street London W1M 5LD
Tel: 071 935 3115

TERRIBLE EVENINGS
– good food, fine wine, elegant and cultured ladies – are *you* up to it?
DINING COMPANIONS
0291 641808

Initial Approach

Scotland's Premier Social and Introduction Service for Single Ladies and Gentlemen

Confidential 'Introductions' from 1000 personally interviewed members.
'Occasions' at exclusive venues in an extensive social calendar.
For a Free Personal Consultation with the Agency that cares.

CALL — 0786 825777

services

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES
CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL
Fully Customised and confidential
MAKE EM LAUGH *OR* NO FEE!
Emergency Speeches Undertaken
Britain's leading Professional
MITCH MURRAY
0624 622660
Access - Visa - Mastercard

Brilliant street performers and bands make your party extra special.
CROWD PULLERS
081 305 0074
stiltwalkers, close-up jugglers, magic, music, clairvoyants, trapeze, tightrope, discos, clowns, mimes and caricaturists.

wanted

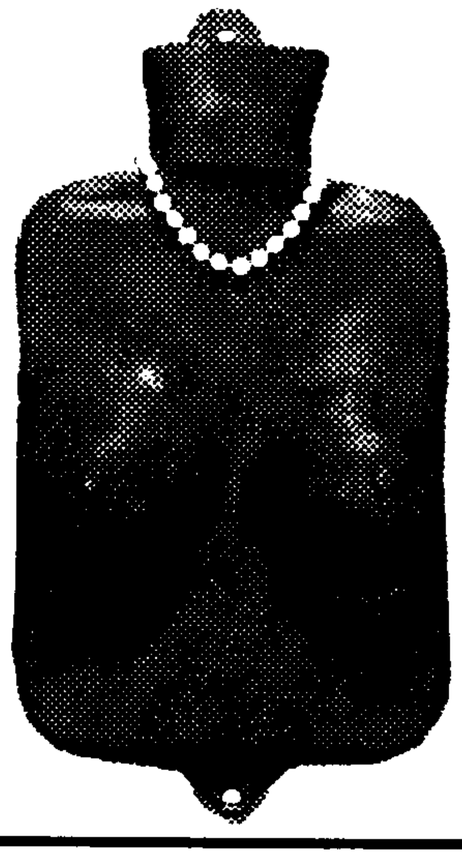
RADIO COMEDY WRITERS
SUTHERLAND PRODUCTIONS want off the wall/character driven sketches for BROTH III, for **BBC RADIO WALES.**
Broadcast: mid Nov-Dec.
SEND TO: SUTHERLAND PRODUCTIONS, 16 OFFORD ROAD, LONDON N1 1DL

christmas gifts

CAMP CLASSICS

MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE

for amusing, classic and outrageously different gifts



HOT WATER BOTTLE
Snuggle up to some soft hot rubber with 'pearls'...
Guaranteed heat *every* night!
£26.50 (+ £3.45 p&p)
For more wild and whacky gear, order a free catalogue.
PHONE NOW ON
0273 689389
FOR PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFTS

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

for sale

Elimination

The great new **executive game** to play on your PC
(Requires 386 or better + Windows 3.1)
A mere £24.95 to sharpen up your overworked brain
from **Virgin, GAME, Silica Shops** and others
or **(0480) 498889** for credit card orders (**post free**).
Put it on your Christmas list if you're too mean to buy it!

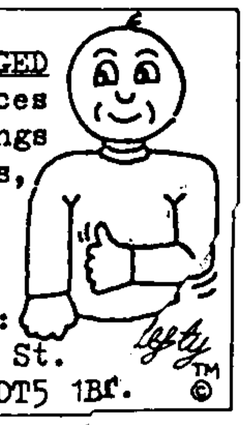
BEST MAN BONKS PAGE 3 GIRL ON ALIEN U.F.O.!!!!!!

...Yes it's a mega wind-up sex shock scandal!
Turn *YOUR* friends into an outrageous *"DAILY STUN"* Front Page News Exposé!

- Just pick any wild subject, give us the victims details (photo if poss)
AND WE'LL DO THE REST!
- A super funny, mega impact souvenir for *birthdays, weddings, leaving do's, presentations etc.*

○ **Full colour** ○ **Tabloid size** ○ **Gift sealed**
061 456 2028
The Front Page News Co.

THE DEXTROUSLY-CHALLENGED CARD COMPANY produces left-handed greetings cards for Southpaws, Maladroits and all Cackhanders. £1.50 Each (inc p&p) or £2.50 for 2. FROM : D.C.C.C. 76 Easton St. PORTLAND. Dorset. DT5 1BF.



FUTON EXPRESS
Double Sofa-Beds from **£99**
Colour Brochure
23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry

GREEN DISK
Fully Guaranteed 2 for 1 replacement
Formatted Disks Available
ERASED EX SOFTWARE DISKS

QTY	3½"DD	3½"HD
50	£ 17.00	£ 20.00
100	£ 28.00	£ 35.00
200	£ 54.00	£ 68.00

Price incl. VAT & Delivery (7 day).
Next Day delivery add £ 3.00

Call **GREEN DISK**
Tel: 0488 685299 Fax: 0488 683288
Green Disk Ltd, Unit 3 Station Yard, Hungerford, Berkshire RG17 0DY
We accept VISA, ACCESS, AMEX, Cheques and Postal Orders

GENTLEMAN'S VINTAGE BESPOKE CLOTHING
DINNER SUITS £95
MORNING SUITS £130
SMOKING JACKETS £90-£150
0432 870855
(London deliveries available)

TELEPHONE RECORDER

Automatically & Silently records both sides of conversations.
Simply plugs into existing telephone socket, double adaptor included.
Free catalogue available
CREDIT CARD ORDERS
TEL 021 457 7994 FAX 021 457 9745
£39.99 *£3 p&p QUANTEK, 1678 Bristol Rd South, B45 9TZ

FREE?
Not Bloody Likely!
we're gonna need all the money we can get our hands on when we're sued to the limits by all the institutions that we're ripping the piss out of on our new hilarious release
"NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL TAKING THE XXXX. Volume 1"
Over 1 Hour and 55 tracks of spoof ads, sketches, with foul, sick and sexist humour to boot. Available only by mailorder. CD £10-00 Cassette £8-00. Both + £1-75 p&p/ins. Cheques/PO/Cash to "ULTEAM". Allow 28 Days delivery but expect it a lot quicker!

Credit Cards 0121 420 4000	*ULTBAM(pe4),26, Warley Hall Road Oldbury, West Midlands. B68 9JS.*

FUN WITH FARTS
Want to play a joke on someone-try the Remote Control fart machine! position it anywhere, (it has a 50yrd range), and walk away. Embarrass your friends, brilliant in Doctors waiting rooms etc. Battery operated it will give you hours of fun.
Only **£14.99** Including P & P
cheques/Postal Orders to R.E.Parrish
Parrish Poo Poo's, 183 North End, Bassingbourn, Royston, Herts. SG8 5PE
0763 241043

audio books

***Listening*Post**
AUDIO BOOKS & COMEDY TAPES BY MAIL ORDER
For FREE Catalogue call
0732 743732
NO MEMBERSHIP FEE ★ NO OBLIGATION

FLOKATI
THE AUTHENTIC GREEK RUG.
Sumptuous, Hardwearing Pure Wool Pile.
Natural White to Compliment any Home or Office Interior. Fully Washable.
2'4" x 4'7" = £19.99 3'0" x 5'0" = £29.99
4'7" x 6'7" = £59.99 6'0" x 9'0" = £99.99
Price includes P&P. Please allow 28 days for delivery.
Cheques made payable to: Dr. Clark, 17 New Street, Ashford, Kent TN24 8TW. Telephone: 0233 629786

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

Classified Lineage Advertisements

£1.50 per word

Deadline for Friday 4th November issue —
TUESDAY 25th OCTOBER

QUOTE

"We thought that Naomi [Campbell] would be more of a high-quality pull than some washed out Australian soap star. The video was shot in Spain and cost £100,000. When you add up all the marketing and so on, we probably spent somewhere in the region of a million pounds to sell about 6,000 records. People are not pleased."

Sony Executive, Time Out

ARE YOU USING Lonely Hearts or dating agencies? Would you be willing to do an interview about your experiences? Contact Rosie Burke at SKY NEWS on 071-705 3194.

TOILET TRUTHS — wanted from mile high clubbers and train "lovers" — for TV series. Tales welcome. CAROLINE BARBOUR, c/o "Mile High", PO Box 15057, Glasgow G3 6JF.

CHECKMATE! Play chess? Join our PLAY BY MAIL CLUB. Details SAE PO Box 53, Bramhall, Stockport SK7 1EB.

CARICATURES/ quality portraits, 061 226 0318. If unanswered — 061 226 7805.

PERSONALISED POSTCARDS! Cards made from your photography or drawing. Great publicity for you or your business. For info send sae to 34, Marjorie Grove, Battersea, London, SW11.

AMAZING CHRISTMAS GIFTS — Carols by leading choirs, 9 CDs for £10. HAWORTH, 4 Chancellor Grove, SE21 8EG.

PAGAN CARDS/ posters for all occasions. Send for colour brochure — PENNCARE, 16A High Street, Pembury, Kent TN2 4NY.

QUALITY DRINKS by post. Famous name brands from £15.95 inc. delivery in a gift box with card. Next day delivery, nationwide! Call our Credit Card Hotline (01 232) 661122, A TOAST BY POST LTD.

MURALS and special paint effects — for visual space you dream of. Phone THE FOLLY 0962 864236.

LACE THONG sent to your loved one, delicately perfumed in her favourite fragrance with your own personal message. Black or white, beautifully presented. Only £9.95. To order call 0860 451410.

IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES made to order. SAE to P.L. Quinn, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW.

CUSTOMISED WIND-UP LETTERS on your friends/enemies. Tailored to your needs — funny, vindictive, malicious. Further info: 0763 848817.

HOT TUB
6ft Diam Oak & Steel.
Car Towable.
0825 890491.

THE "JOLLY ROGER" woven crested tie. £4.95 from SKELLINGTON, 14B Clifton Road, Winchester. 0962 864468.

BIRTHDAY DUE? Original newspaper dated day they were born. From £15.95. 0492-531195.

HYDROPONICS & GROWLIGHTS. "Grow any plant, anywhere, anytime." Free brochure. GROWELL HYDROPONICS (Solihull) 0675-443950.

CARICATURES DRAWN from photographs. For brochure phone 0227-265254.

EXECUTIVE CARICATURES, £18. Call 081-533 0233.

CARICATURIST FOR parties and trade fairs. 081-520 7262.

VINTAGE TELEPHONES, including priceless mahogany/claret bakelite prototype. Free catalogue. 0131-228 3690, 24 hours.

T-SHIRTS screen printed. 0736-66248.

STRAIGHT BOOMERANG — no, not a stick! Kites, yo-yos, juggling. Catalogue, WAY ON HIGH, Capuchin Yard, Hereford. 0432 264206.

UNUSUAL LAWYER GIFTS — catalogue (0734) 832811.

FLOWERS DIRECT from Guernsey. Blooming sensational! FreeCall 0500 99 66 99.

PAGAN POSTERS/CARDS — Odin, Thor, Ostara, etc, in full colour. Phone PLANET PRINTS for free catalogue 0825-764707.

BALLOONAGRAMS £16.50 including delivery. 0362 697481.

A FUN QUIZ NITE for 30-100 people. Ideal for fund-raising. OR celebrate that Special Birthday, Anniversary or Retirement with an original Commemoration. For details tel/fax: 081-402 9026.

CRAZY FRIENDS? Get a counselling kit, great gift or subtle statement. Includes framed picture of frowning matriarch, cassette with empathetic "Oh I know, how awful", etc... (serious B side), used tea bag, "waiting room" leaflets on cat vaccination, stress and sex drive, haemorrhoids, etc... £9.99 to ORBIS, Grantchester, Laxey, IOM, IM4 7JT. Trade enquiries welcome.

XMAS PRESSIES? Caricature/portrait from photo. Wendy 0548 810468.

A TITLE FOR a tenner? Oh yes! Details from SURVIVAL, Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD11 1QJ.

WILDFLOWERS free catalogue. D LEE, 25 Hoelaran, Bala, Gwynedd LL23 7SP.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London/south east — gift vouchers. 0784 451007.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks/ Hants/ Herts/ Surrey, great gift idea, £95. ADVENTURE BALLOONS 081 840 0108.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £47.50 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/ cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE. Your unique message printed on the label. Delivered nationwide next day. £24.95. 081-675 9494.

FLYING DUCKS, Cops 'n' Robbers, Doctors & Nurses, Dinosaurs... SAE for wall-plaque catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (0273 606240.) Access/Visa.

18TH CENTURY hunting lodge, 45 mins LUCCA — magnificent position. £165,000, possibly rent. 010 39 583662226.

GLASTONBURY, SOMERSET – unique 3 storey Victorian terraced house for sale. Sympathetically restored, 2 receptions, conservatory, utility, large kitchen diner. 4 bedrooms, garden front and rear, etc, etc. £94,500 ono. More details phone 0458 835450 after 8.30pm.

CLAY PIGEON lessons/ gift vouchers/corporate shoots, from £29.00. Stanhill Claysports, Surrey 0293 821741.

LEARN TO DRIVE — various UK centres. 0594-543863.

LEARN TO DRIVE Courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS (0492) 531517.

SPANISH LESSONS — Qualified experienced native teacher 0378 340537.

FREEMASONRY IS a religion with its own, hidden, points of reference. Why Dakin, not merely unremorseful, was proud of the act regarded as "sacred". CT.

THANKS St Jude.

PEOPLE OF NOTTINGHAM, HELP ME.
Chris (15)/Kelly (19ish), Bro & Sis. IBIZA 9th August. Life is lonely without my hat? PS. Any Girls out there? Gooshnargghh!?
SHAKEY.

SPEECH WRITING by Mitch Murray. See Page 30.

EYE FLIP! So can you with your own pinball machine. 01 493 655680.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS — Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first, DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871353.

HI-FI CLEAROUT. It's one scoop after another here at RICHER SOUNDS, your favourite hi-fi store! If you don't mind yelling, come and get a piece of the action at RICHER SOUNDS. Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) and ask for your FREE 32-page catalogue/price-list.

DISCREET SURVEILLANCE equipment, Books, Videos. QUANTEK ELECTRONICS, 021 457 7994.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS, (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

DISCREET SURVEILLANCE Audio & Video systems. C.C.L. 081-968 0227

LOGS DELIVERED — London, 10 sacks £55, 081 691 4984.

GOVERNMENT AUCTION NEWS — 071 928 9001.

CLEAN BURNING PEAT and logs. Large bag £5.00, 0232 838111 anytime.

DISCREET TWO-WAY telephone monitoring systems. C.C.L. 081-968 0227.

INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE cases — Professional Consultancy. Tel: 0378 179926 in strictest confidence 24 hrs.

STRING QUARTET for weddings, parties, corporate events, 081 659 2862.

JAZZ TRIO — available for dinner, cocktail, xmas parties. 081 501 0779.

ESTABLISHED BROKERAGE/ Agency guarantees best trade prices but preferably private sales on behalf of private vendors of luxury vehicles, specifically BMW, Mercedes, Porsche and Ferrari. Low fees. 081 886 1717.

TEARS OF GLASS! The cult paperback and album. "3 parts big sleep, 2 parts wilt" (Independent). Chandleresque text, Cockeresque tape. Total only £5.99. W H Smith + Others. Best present ever!

BRIDGE FOR DUMMIES — with the absolute beginner in mind. £5.95 inclusive postage & packing. TRUMP PUBLICATIONS, 417 Finchley Road, London, NW3 6HJ.

SUTCLIFFE WAS copy-cat ripper. Stefan Kiszko's policeman-accuser accepted Sutcliffe's confession to close the file. Information 010 353 902 30107.

IT'S MUSHROOM SEASON! Guide to Psilocybin mushrooms £5.50. Send for catalogue of other books and underground comics. KNOCKABOUT, Dept P, 10 Acklam Road, London, W10 5QZ, 081 969 2945.

BE A SPYCATCHER! Start a new exciting business — Everything to debug homes/offices. Unused & nearly new quality equipment. One-off sale. Full training. Phone/fax 081 555 2925.

MONEY FROM market research. For brochure ring 0532 754051.

FIND OUT HOW to buy and sell airline tickets. Superb constant demand business. AIRBOUND TRAVEL 0533-629396.

MAKE SERIOUS MONEY backing horses. Yes it is possible? Let me prove it with a week's free trial. Tel: 0532 854612.

£100 PER NIGHT through television at home. Genuine lucrative business. Details sae JORVIK CONNECTIONS, 34 Acorn Way, Woodthorpe, York YO2 2RW.

HOMEWORKERS REQUIRED — 085 046 5255.

EARN £££££S — Super opportunity for the astute. Details 0223 324197.

NUMERATE? Master two pages of instructions and Hey Presto, you're a "betting shop settler". Calculate "any" wager in minutes without a calculator. Full instruction £5. GARNER, 516 Hertford Road, London, N9 8AE.

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER (Football) exclusive weekly newsletter. £5 1 week, £20 6 weeks. CODWIN, 19 Queens Road, Morden, Surrey SM4 5DF.

D.K.F.L., a major earning opportunity for the information age. Part/full time. Details 0227 771915.

HOW TO LEGALLY back winning horses/dogs after the result is known. £2 explains. GARNER, 516 Hertford Road, London, N9 8AE.

GET RICH QUICK? No such thing, but you could easily earn second income of £20k-60k from home. No selling, stock, finance, or experience needed. £5k in first month not unusual. Details, £1 coin to MASON, 33 Bishop Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

EXCELLENT MONEY — amateur photographer travels UK, seeks models, tasteful shots, age unimportant, no publication. Martin, 183 Seabourne Road, Bournemouth.

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS bought for cash. 081-340 9668.

IBM COMPATIBLE COMPUTER? Earn from home. £5 for details. 14 Old Priory Gardens, Wangford, Suffolk NR34 8RH.

BOOKIE BEATING BBS 0495 291649. Login as Guest.

VISA OR MASTERCARD with NO credit check. 50+ banks explained that give Visa/MC instantly. £20, MR O'CAMSTER, 62 Grosvenor Rd, Ilford, Essex.

TRAVEL AND BE PAID! 18-40 year olds, 67 pages of information (not photos), addresses, application/interview techniques, insider tips from Worldwide Manager of Tours, Resorts, Summer & Winter. £10, CRISP PRODUCTIONS LTD, PO Box 66, Salisbury, SP2 9PT.

GENUINE BUSINESS opportunities on "paradise" island. Phi-Phi, Thailand. Various bar, cafe, shop contracts available. Phone DAVE on (0524) 37732 after 7pm.

EARN A STEADY regular income from racing. Write A. MARTIN, 178 Redhill Road, B'ham B31 3NT.

TURN YOUR NEWSPAPERS into cash. SAE for exciting details: GOWER PRESS (PE), Suite 5-7, Connies House, Rhymney River Bridge Road, Cardiff CF3 7YZ.

ROULETTE: Substantial profits ARE possible. Unique new method took six years' research. Sae: Flat 8(E), 33 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2 3UR.

CAPITAL MARKETS DBMS+ for dealers, Sun/Solaris. 0171 388 8189 24hrs.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES — We pay more than surrender values. NEVILLE JAMES LTD, FIMBRA member. Tel: 0730 233000.

MATRIMONIAL — LOOKING for helpful and realistic advice from experienced divorce lawyers? Call RICHARD PRICE at Wedlake Saint at 14 John Street, London WC1N 2EB on 071-405 9446.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: discreet/confidential mail/message-holding service. REGENT STREET — 071-580 4242.

UNIVERSITY IN 1985? To get offers from the universities you want, your UCAS form must say the right things. Former admissions tutor will suggest improvements to your application. SAE for further details to: J. COOPER, Box 7, 97 Parkway, London NW1 7PP.

MAIL/TELEPHONE/FAX — from £7.50 month. MAILMINDERS 0171 490 1708.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS NW1. Confidential, letters/parcels held/forwarded, etc. 071 383 2325.

UNDERPAID BY BOOKIE? Send full details, prices and £2, receive an accurate calculation by return post. GARNER, 516 Hertford Road, London, N9 8AE.

SECRETS REVEALED — How to legally obtain a second passport. Avoid taxes, lawsuits and travel freely. Tax Havens explained — become a successful legal tax exile! Free brochure and newsletter: SCOPE, Box 4977, Forestside House, Rowlands Castle, PO9 6EE. Tel: 0705 631751, Fax: 0705 631322.

BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION — 0482 658701.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 071-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See page 30.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

SUPEREFFECTIVE CVs/ applications compiled/refreshed. 0985 214670.

BETTER CAR INSURANCE can cost less. Call 0345-616161, reference 00489 (local call charge). TELE UK INSURANCE.

CCJs LEGALLY REMOVED giving you good Credit Status for loans, etc. ACS 081-688 9550.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Angel, Islington). Your name, our address. 071-833 3518.

CCJs REMOVED — 081-812 4047.

T-SHIRTS SCREENPRINTED — 0736-66248.

WAISTCOATS — beautifully handcrafted. Exquisite fabrics including Christmas collection. Adults £17.99, children £10.99+ catalogue free 0268 747564.

PIRATE SHIRTS for re-enactment or posing — 100% cotton. From £25 + p&p. Brochure available 0203 687544.

EYES 418-855 incomplete. Offers 081-546 9229.

Hunting for Perfection~

Happy thought. ~ Excellent. Young DONALD'S at the bar; his round too by the look of it. Ahh...I can already taste the distinctive ale, that subtle blend of flavours.
What's this? DONALD'S knocked a lad's drink with a flick of his ample tail. Our new constable, too, worse luck.
Wry thought. ~ Such a tender age to experience a *brush* with the law.

"OLD SPECKLED HEN"

When you've a thirst for tradition

MORLAND OF ABINGDON.
BREWERS SINCE 1711.

COUPLE COUNSELLING and individual therapy, North West London. Jacqueline Selby 081-450 4958.

"BUDDY" SOUGHT, "New Ager", m/f, by seriously ill lady, 39, to provide emotional support. Box 6257.

CONSULTANT Hypnotherapist — Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking etc. Telephone JESSICA RICHARDS 071 935 0023.

DRUG PROBLEM? Expert medical help. Harley Street. 0973 217885.

ENDANGERED WILDLIFE project requires £10,000 seed capital. Any amounts welcomed. Details on request. Box 6157.

WOMAN with small business needs loan for three months. Can repay. Please help. Box 6357.

DIPPY, DEDICATED teacher has post in Indonesia but needs sponsorship/funds. Please help. Box 0157.

DESPERATE LADY — £5,000 needed. Help! Box 0257.

PLEASE HELP honest hardworking female in genuine despair. Needs £2,000 to save home from repossession. Thank you. Box 0357.

DISILLUSIONED, disenchanted but not as yet despairing. Restless young man, adept administrator, finding choice the very impediment of decision — seeks mentor, Phileas Fogg or Branson. Tel: 071 823 3461.

FEMALE RACING DRIVER entering world scholarship. £600 desperately needed to secure win. Please help! Box 0457.

RICH MAN/WOMAN — Assure your place in the afterlife by being my sponsor. A veritable bargain! Box 0557.

DESPERATE DESTITUTE — please help. Box 0657.

URGENT — £5,000 needed to clear family debts and fly to States to marry my American dream. Thanks. Box 0757.

NOTEBOOK PC for doctoral student. Loan welcome. 0923 677880.

BOWLED OUT by the Government. Desperately seeking £6,000 for final academic year at Oxford. Box 0957.

RWANDA TRAGEDY — £10,000 wanted to fly to help. Donations acknowledged. Cheques: P.I. Chapman. Box 1057.

PAIN RELIEF THERAPIST, broke, divorced, requires premises living/consulting. Reference yes, deposit no, regrettably. Help! Box 6057.

GRADUATE URGENTLY requires £5,000 for his MBA. Please help. Box 0857.

TALK TO the organ grinder...! Affordable flights. Expert service. Phone/fax 0904 608941.

FLIGHT OPTIONS. 0432 851062.

SIMPLY FLIGHTS 071 637 1637

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 0942 603599. Fax: 0942 670868.

CANTABRIAN FARMHOUSE — magic mountains, winter peace, half-board plus wine £130/week. 0629 813346.

INDIA/ASIA OVERLAND adventures. Pushkar camel fair. South India Delhi-Ktm, London-Kathmandu overland, Silk Road, Pakistan, Iran specials. HINTERLAND TRAVEL, 0883 743584.

AMSTERDAM WEEKENDS for couples. 01380-830837.

PRIVATE TRANS-AFRICA by experienced overlanders — departs Feb '95 — 31 weeks to Harare. For details telephone Greg 0491-824901.

SOUTH AMERICA — Special expeditions for small groups. 0242 226578.

SECLUDED ANGUS GLEN — great food, fine ales, log fires — GLENISLA HOTEL — 0575 582223.

TUSCANY S/C comfortable farm house convenient, reasonable. Phone 24hr 0686 413345.

AMSTERDAM SMOKERS weekend. £35 — phone 0282-450275 anytime.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE from Alaska to Australia, Turkey to Tibet... 160 small group exploratory tours, treks and expeditions in Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, Australasia, the Americas. 1 to 4 weeks. Free 100-page brochure. Tel: 0252 344161 (24 hrs). AITO/ATOL bonded.

EXPLORER EXPEDITIONS — Africa overland from 5-27 weeks. 16 years experience 0633 257561.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA: Low-cost flights, tailor-made and escorted group tours. ATOL, AITO, ABTA fully bonded. Telephone — Tours: 081 747 8315. Flights: 081 747 3108.

AFRICA... THE ULTIMATE adventure holiday destination. With 20 years experience in Camping and Lodge based Safaris, TRACKS is the African specialist. Tours from 8 days to 18 weeks are featured in our new 1994/95 brochure. For your free copy contact TRACKS, 12 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF. Tel: 071-937 3028.

ASIA, AFRICA, South America overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S. America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hours).

AFRICAN ADVENTURES from 25 days to 30 weeks. Tour prices from £350 to £1,937. For a brochure and details of video shows phone BUKIMA AFRICA 081-451 2446.

AFRICAN TRAILS — overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.

TRACK AND OBSERVE rhinos, follow the Inca trail. Join one of 160 expeditions this summer. Send for your info pack now. We need your support. EARTHWATCH 0865 516366.

TRUCK AFRICA — intrepid camping expeditions. 4-27 weeks 071-731 6142 (24 hrs).

BEST OVERLAND VALUE — 5/6 months through 18 African countries: Desert, Jungle, Wildlife. Reputable private company. More info from HOBO TRANS AFRICA EXPS. 0986 873124.

ROTTINGDEAN — 3 miles from Brighton. B&B in comfortable house by sea. Doubles from £15.00. Tel 0273 301269.

PARADISE ON EARTH! Thailand and the Philippines — singles specials 12 nights from £599. For brochure, Tel 0481 823417.

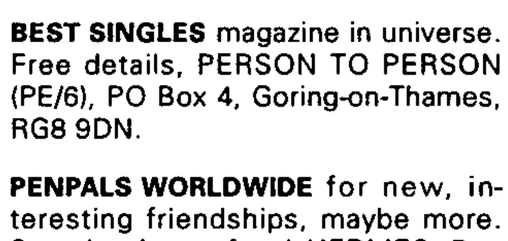
ENCHANTING SOMERSET — Listed house in Glastonbury's town centre, centrally-heated and cosy, with views across the Abbey grounds. Sleeps 3. Lets available all year. Dictate your address on 0234 211606 (frequently answerphone) for leaflet.

WHY NOT an autumn or winter break at our beautifully situated clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Phone 042 482 404.

PRIVATE SKI CHALET, Courchevel 1550, 6-12 pers. Superb position. Optional catering. Tel: 010 3349483077.

ISOLATED, RUN-DOWN old house/castle wanted to rent for New Year weekend. Electricity etc optional. Must be able to seat 15+. Tel: 081 673 0597.

HEREFORDSHIRE Holiday Cottages, 0432 851062.



MEET NEW FRIENDS of both sexes. Scandinavia & worldwide. Free details, photos. WORLDWIDE CONTACTS, Box 4026/P, S-42404 Angered, Sweden.

FILIPINO & ORIENTAL Anglo Social Club, UK only introductions (including Events Diary) from £30. MARTIN/MARLENE, 45 Merlin Crescent, Edgware, HA8 6JG. 081-952 9128/0956-345616.

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS — brings veggies together. 081 348 5229.

BEST SINGLES magazine in universe. Free details, PERSON TO PERSON (PE/6), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE for new, interesting friendships, maybe more. Sample photos free! HERMES, Box 110660/S, D-10836 Berlin, Germany.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS — details from J. Crosbie, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire TD11 3RN.

SOCIALIST PARTNERS brings left-wing fish and bicycles together. All ages. Nationwide. SOCIALIST PARTNERS (ref PE), PO Box 276, London SW16 5XL.

HUNDREDS of beautiful marriage-minded East European ladies waiting to meet you. EUROLINK (PE), PO Box 40, Prestwick, Manchester M75 9AL. (0374) 993794.

RUSSIAN INTRODUCTIONS offers selection of over 1000 ladies seeking sincere marriage minded gentlemen. Free details tel: 061 485 8667.

FLOWERS OF THE EAST. The Professional Thai Marriage Bureau. 1 Barn Cottages, Curtis Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.

HEDONISM. LIVELY fun-loving extrovert risque party animals. No nerds! 081-575 2052.

CZECHMATE EST 89. 2,000 articulate, cultured Czech and C.I.S. ladies. 640 on 2 videos. Seek sincere marriage-minded gentlemen. Featured BBC TV, TVam, Anglia, Kilroy. Tel: 0582-25960.

RUSSIAN PARTNERS — 1000s specially selected, educated ladies seeking romance/marriage, dying to hear from YOU! Videos available. 081 335 3518.

TREASURES OF SIAM Thai Marriage Bureau, a professional and confidential service. 100 Minster Road, Westgate, Kent, CT8 8DG.

ONE THOUSAND beautiful women worldwide seek friendship/marriage. Free Colour Photobrochure: CORRESPONDENCE CLUB '70/PE, Box 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.

LIVE JAZZ at the Creole Garden Bar and Restaurant. Barry Fantoni and John Butler play jazz classics Thursday nights — 85 Battersea Rise, London, SW11, 071 924 4454. Cajun and Creole cuisine.

JAZZ/POETRY SuperJams at the Tabernacle Powis Sq W11 Sat 22 Oct 8.30-1 JCC Val B Lol C Jeff Nut Horovitz ++ £5 (reductions via 071 243 4343) also at St James' Piccadilly Sun 30 Oct 7-10 £3.50 (£2.50 via 071 359 4976).

JAMES REMOVALS. Household and office. Storage and packing. 071 431 1713.

STUFF MOVING. London area 081 299 1398

BAYES OF HAMPSTEAD. Established 1923. For quality storage and removals anywhere in the world — notwithstanding our name. 071-435 3694.

IRISH REMOVALS — owner driver UK - Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

REMOVALS and rubbish clearance 071-602 3036.

WORLDWIDE TRANSPORT, personal or commercial, any size or weight, contact the specialists EXPRESS EXPORT SERVICES LIMITED, 143 Wardour Street, London, W1, UK, on 071 734 8356/7. Collections from anywhere in the UK. Goods shipped to all parts of the world safely and economically. Amex, Visa and Access accepted.

SINGLE, SUCCESSFUL and attractive professional male, 38, politically incorrect, sporty, likes pubs and opera, seeks attractive lady aged 25-40 with sense of humour for companionship, fun and fewer lonely evenings. West Midlands area. Box 1957.

DASHING YOUNG BLADES (22 & 24) seek Josephines for night manoeuvres and romance. Photos desirable. Box 2057.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG-LOOKING African lady, 40, smart, loves well, slim, n/s, 5'3", seeks single, caring, honest, smart, prof gentleman, any race, with moral standards, for permanent relationship. Photo essential. Box 2257.

WEALTHY PROFESSIONAL man seeks stunning lady, mid 30s, for long term relationship or marriage. Must be sincere, kind and intelligent. Preferably South/South East located but area is not a problem. This is a sincere ad from someone trying to find a lifetime partner — so no golddiggers or timewasters please. I would prefer a photo, but if you feel uneasy about sending one to a stranger then don't; a tel no. will do. Box 2357.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, early thirties, tall, fair, successful in telly, enjoys drinks, films, music, seeks interesting, humorous, unattached man for entertaining evening out. Send photo and note for reply. Box 2457.

CENTRAL, SEXY, attractive female, 33, seeks established, tallish, humorous, passionate man, 35 to 45 for long term love, laughter and the usual capers. Box 2557.

SUCCESSFUL but unpretentious professional man, 45, unhappily tied, tall, dark and attractive, seeks slim, lovely and intelligent woman (probably also married) with a view to escape from cold reality into an uncomplicated world of autumn rain, cosy bistros and a mutually stimulating relationship. I'm honest and completely discreet so please reply without concern. London area preferred. Photo appreciated. Box 2657.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 44, warm and considerate, in sterile marriage, seeks discreet female friendship, perhaps more. Norfolk/Suffolk. Box 2757.

HASTINGS AREA — Zany 30s lady seeks creative, educated individual for fun and friendship. Photo preferred. Box 2857.

LONDON PROFESSIONAL MAN, 45, seeks sensual uninhibited woman for uncomplicated relationship. Phone 071 224 2168 (office) or 081 444 8950 (home).

KENTISH CHAPPIE, 22, noted local mediocrity; brilliant pianist, hopeless poet, witty, clever sometimes melancholic. Weight trainer. Seeking female for letters/friendship/love. Box 2957.

SLIGHTLY GORGEOUS old broad, 46, seeks kind-hearted man with open mind. Horse-racing, food, dancing, matters arising. Box 3057.

ATTRACTIVE, TALL, muscular male, 25, seeks female 30+ for discreet fun and games, all letters answered. Box 3157.

OTHERWISE SANE 1930s music nut, 35, seeks similar thirty-something female for a fine romance. London/Home counties. Box 1257.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 49, non smoker, living Southern Spain, kind, honest, reliable, fit with tall, slim, firm, muscular, completely sun tanned body seeks interesting slim uninhibited female who likes the sun, sea and sex for initially correspondence and holiday visits and later whatever. Write Anclafax 0101, Edf. El Ancla, Fuengirola, 29640 Malaga, Spain.

VORKING FUNNY MALE, 27, looks for a woman. Photo. Box 1357.

FIT MALE, 31, good looks, seeks attractive mature lady to share cosy winter evenings. Cambridgeshire. Photo appreciated. Box 1457.

R2D2 (25, LONDON) seeks robobabe for lube job. Box 1557.

RECENTLY UNATTACHED professional male, 33, seeks exciting, sexy female into music, sport, pubs and cuddles. Scotland/North preferred, but write anyway! Box 1657.

MALE BOFFIN, 36, happily attached but seeking female friend with big tits for meetings in a parallel universe (within 167 light microseconds of London). Knowledge of cosmology not required. Box 1757.

SINGLE FEMALE, 32, with an acute sense of the ridiculous seeks man to make her cry with laughter. London area. Photo appreciated. Box 1857.

SHORT FAT BLACK and hairy nymphomaniac wanted (well two out of five will do but must be fat) — for lust, love and laughter by 40-something male. North Londonish. Box 2157.

J, MY EROTIC PENFRIENDS,
no reply from your Box No.
I have new permanent address.
L still delightful. W still on?
R. Box 5652.

EXPAT, WHITE British male, 43, marooned in Africa but regular UK visits; solvent, professional, 5'8", never married, well-travelled, likes sport, classical music, books. Seeks good-looking stimulating bon viveuse for possible permanence. Box 2255.

BUSINESSMAN 40ISH non-smoker, single seeks discreet attractive lady for long term relationship. Photo, phone no. appreciated. Can travel. Box 5755.

NICE MAN IN NICE, 38, handsome, intelligent, seeks good-looking aware female for international relationship. Half fare paid for exploratory trip. Photo exchange. Box 1157.

EROTIC PENFRIEND? Male 41 seeks interesting fellow scribe. Box 3955.

WARM HEARTED and considerate professional male seeks neglected lady for discreet passion. Northern England. Box 4857.

MALE, 35, graduate, single, fit, practical, enjoys countryside, good food, theatre, seeks younger woman non-smoker. Worcestershire. Box 4957.

PRESENTABLE BUT NEGLECTED husband, 40s, North West based but travels regularly seeks similar lady for mutual support. Box 5057.

PATIENT LOYAL CHAP, 33, waits for that pretty sceptic who's retained her virginity. Your timetable, my effort. Manchester. Box 5157.

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE, 42, lively mind, physically active indoors/outdoors seeks unattached but busy, attractive professional/business man 6'+ for special days, some weekends, holidays. Staffs/Midlands. Box 3257.

WICKED OLD WITCH, 40, seeks evil toad. Let's make magic! Box 3357.

LONESOME LANDLADY sought by visiting businessman, 40, nice looking and well spoken, when needing B&B in Hants, Wilts, Dorset area. Discretion assured. Photo appreciated. Box 3457.

EASYGOING MALE, (29) seeks company of genuine female for a laugh and giggle and perhaps more! Box 3557.

VOLUPTUOUS PIGLET (22) seeks Tigger for fun, cuddles and lots of bouncing. No Eeyores. Photo appreciated. Box 3657.

SECURELY MARRIED, but with time and energy to spare, I wonder if there are attractive women similarly placed and living in or near the West Country who would like to establish a discreet but enthusiastic relationship. I am 48, 6'2" tall and keen to please. Write in the first instance with photograph if possible to Box 3757.

28 YEAR OLD, professional male, intelligent and sensible, seeks attractive female 25-40 for liaison. Lipstick essential. Manchester area. Box 3857.

PRETTY, 20-SOMETHING creative Chelsea babe seeks handsome, caring, educated man (titled/landowner?) 29-40 for happy ending. Box 3957.

40s BLOKE SEEKS 30s-40s female, n/s. Brief details guarantee reply. Box 4057.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 34, seeks an attractive woman who finds she has time on her hands for whatever (London). Box 4157.

KIND, ATTRACTIVE Mrs Robinson sought by well educated 23 year old lad. Photograph would be most appreciated. Southern area. Box 4257.

COTSWOLD LADY, 50s, seeks man friend for sex/travel. Box 4357.

MALE GRADUATE, London, professional, 31, tall, n/s, cheerful, seeks positive female for recreation combustion possible creation? Box 4457.

SPHINXES: where are you? James. Box 4557.

MISCHIEVOUS TIPPERARY male seeks erotic female penpal. Photo optional. Humour essential. Box 4657.

HANDSOME KNIGHT (26), athletic, tall, graduate seeks older damsel to rescue from daytime tedium. Discretion assured. No quest refused. Box 4757.

MAN, 32, graduate, professional, 6'2", London/Surrey, bearded, bust but bored, seeks intelligent, independent woman friend for movies and dinner. Box 5257.

ENGLISH ECCENTRIC MAN, 26, creative, handsome, seeks similar minded magical miss. London, SE England. Box 5357.

Our apologies! There is sometimes a slight delay before your Eye Love ad can be published due to the enormous demand of these exclusive, funny, highly successful and popular ads.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

CLASSIFIED LINEAGE ADVERTISEMENTS
6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG

£1.50 PER WORD LINEAGE – £3.20 PER WORD CENTRED LINEAGE

YOU CAN **DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT CARD: 071 734 6887**

YOU CAN **MAIL OR FAX YOUR AD: 071 437 0705**

WE OFFER **A BOX NUMBER FORWARDING SERVICE TO NON-BUSINESS ADVERTISERS FOR AN ADDITIONAL £8**

WE OFFER GENEROUS SERIES DISOUNTS
10% FOR 6 ADS / 15% FOR 12 ADS / 20% FOR 26 ADS

THESE PRICES INCLUDE VAT

QUERIES & GENERAL INFORMATION: 071 437 4017

OPENING LINES

How Does It Work?

Opening Lines is an independent advertisement service run by Paravox Ltd.

Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines Telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

SLIM MALE, 41, 6ft, dark curly hair, graduate, solvent, n/s, seeks intelligent, down to earth, 30 something female, maybe tall brunette, maybe European. Ring 0660 204442

SUCCESSFUL, BLACK FEMALE, 30, 6ft, tall, slim, and attractive, seeks tall, white professional male. Preferably uniformed, police officers, H M forces for long term committed relationship. Ring 0660 206528

HAPPY GO LUCKY male, successful, 28, looking for similar non air head female, for serious fun in central London, smoking and drinking a positive attribute. Ring 0660 204495

VERY ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, white, good figure, would like to meet very attractive guy, professional, with gsoh, I'm loads of fun and slightly daft. Ring 0660 207193

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

CAN YOU INSPIRE and entice this attractive, solvent, 40s, South Indian female, to go out with you? If you are a tall, youthful, 36-48, professional male, lets talk. Ring 0660 204481

OLD MAN, CULTURED, caring, affluent, seeks delicate, sensitive young lady, for inspired new life and winter sunshine, single parent welcome. Ring 0660 204448

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

INTELLIGENT AND ALIVE. Slim good looking spontaneous male, young 45, successful, not self absorbed, nor materialistic. Seeks similar female 30-35, for fun, loving relationship. London. Ring 0660 204409

PRETTY, SLIM, INTELLIGENT, female, 29, brunette, white, 5ft 9in, has wonderful life, would love to share with tall, attractive, professional male, who wants a serious relationship. Ring 0660 204424

INDEPENDENT WOMAN of high intelligence? Look no further for supremely eligible publishing man, tall, 30, London and country homes, very funny, passionate and loyal. Ring 0660 204461

FORTY THREE YEAR old, attractive divorcee, living in SW London, who likes the finer things in life, seeks virile, solvent, witty, intelligent gent to light my fire. Men under 40 need not apply. Ring 0660 204418

YOUNG MAN, 32, professional, sincere, seeks a romantic relationship with a young, attractive, intelligent female. Enjoys cinema, theatre, art and music. Ring 0660 204476

ATTRACTIVE LADY, 40s, would like to meet, educated, gentleman, age from mid 30s, for friendship and intimate relationship, hopefully long term. Ring 0660 207276

NICE GUY SEEKS lady. Oxford graduate, own homes, porsche, young 35. You: also senior professional (medic/lawyer etc), 28-40, sincere, interests: arts, rock, travel, fitness, food. Ring 0660 205034

PRETTY PORTUGUESE FEMALE, 20s, slim, seeks male 30-55, who is solvent and daring, for long-term fun and friendship. W London/Berkshire Ring 0660 209976

HANDSOME, GENUINE, CARING, lawyer, 40s, 5ft 8in, seeks stunningly attractive, sexy, unattached, creative, younger woman, into personal development and spiritual advancement. Ring 0660 204460

LUSCIOUS LADY, MATURE, beautiful and wise, slender, petite but well stacked. Seeks solvent gentlemen of discernment and taste, for mutually beneficial and discreet liaisons. Surrey/London Ring 0660 208623

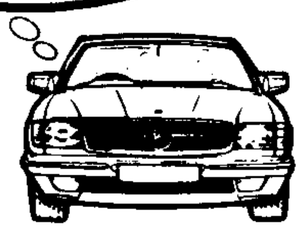
THINKING WOMAN'S RICHARD GERE, 28, seeks stunning ex tomboy, Cheshire, for evenings of poetry, Earl Grey and perspiration. Ring 0660 205692

STUNNING, TALL, BLONDE, graduate business woman, 28, seeks stunning, tall, n/s, Mr Nice Guy. Fun and friendship guaranteed. Ring 0660 204414

LADY WITH PANACHE and gsoh, 30 plus, for dinner date and interesting conversation? Guy, 40s, ns, not an impecunious inadequate. Hampshire/London based. Ring 0660 204492

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 39p per minute cheap rate and 49p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

My best friends are in Beaconsfield



35 Minutes from the West End

HUGHES OF BEACONSFIELD

APPOINTED DEALER Mercedes-Benz

(0494) 672141

The Brilliant Citroen Xantia Turbo Diesel

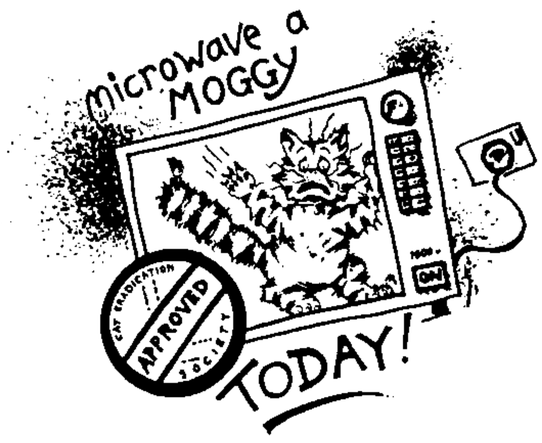
Best Deal Contract Hire With Full Maintenance

Xantia LX Turbo D.....£248 month
Xantia SX Turbo D.....£273 month
Xantia VSX Turbo D.....£305 month

Offer is for business users and figures exclude VAT

All models are 1995 'airbag 'specification and are based on 12,000 miles per annum, with 3 advance rentals followed by 35. All routine maintenance, Citroen Assist membership and road tax is included for the full three years.

Roy Chapman Ltd
Berkhamsted **0442 871234**
Citroen Main Dealers
Unlikely to be beaten for value and friendliness



COOKING INSTRUCTIONS ON BACK

T-SHIRTS – white 100% cotton. S. M. L. XL. XXL. £9.00 inc p&p. Cheque/PO to: ELEPHANT HOUSE, Box 8, Elephant & Castle, White Hill, Lewes, E. Sussex BN7 2DJ.

CASCADE

We specialise in being SOCIAL GROUPS for the UNATTACHED, highly established and meeting weekly in

BRISTOL
CARDIFF
GLOUCESTERSHIRE
SWANSEA
WILTSHIRE
PEMBROKESHIRE
SOMERSET

WE DON'T
charge extortionate membership fees, therefore we CAN AFFORD to be selective (£35 per annum) as we cater for the professional managerial business background.

WE DON'T
expect you to attend your first event alone as one of our existing members will rendezvous with you and introduce you to those present.

WE DON'T
organise beetle drives BUT dances (quaintly called Les Bops), dining evenings, sport, walks, theatre, barbecues, parties, specialist activities e.g. caving, sub-aqua diving, horse riding, golf, incredible value weekends away, holidays, and so much more!

WE DON'T
take all ages, but we work in age ranges, male & female, 30-55.

WE DON'T
guarantee you'll meet the man or woman of your dreams (although it does happen) but we offer you the opportunity to SOCIALISE and DEVELOP A NEW NETWORK of like-minded friends.

WE DON'T
hide our membership numbers, currently 2,000.

WE DO
offer a welcome environment for the divorced, widowed, legally separated and those single who have sustained a relationship AND we pride ourselves on speaking to every prospective member personally between noon and 7pm, seven days a week on

0495 755309

and ask for Howard or Jan.

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.

■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers & Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment.

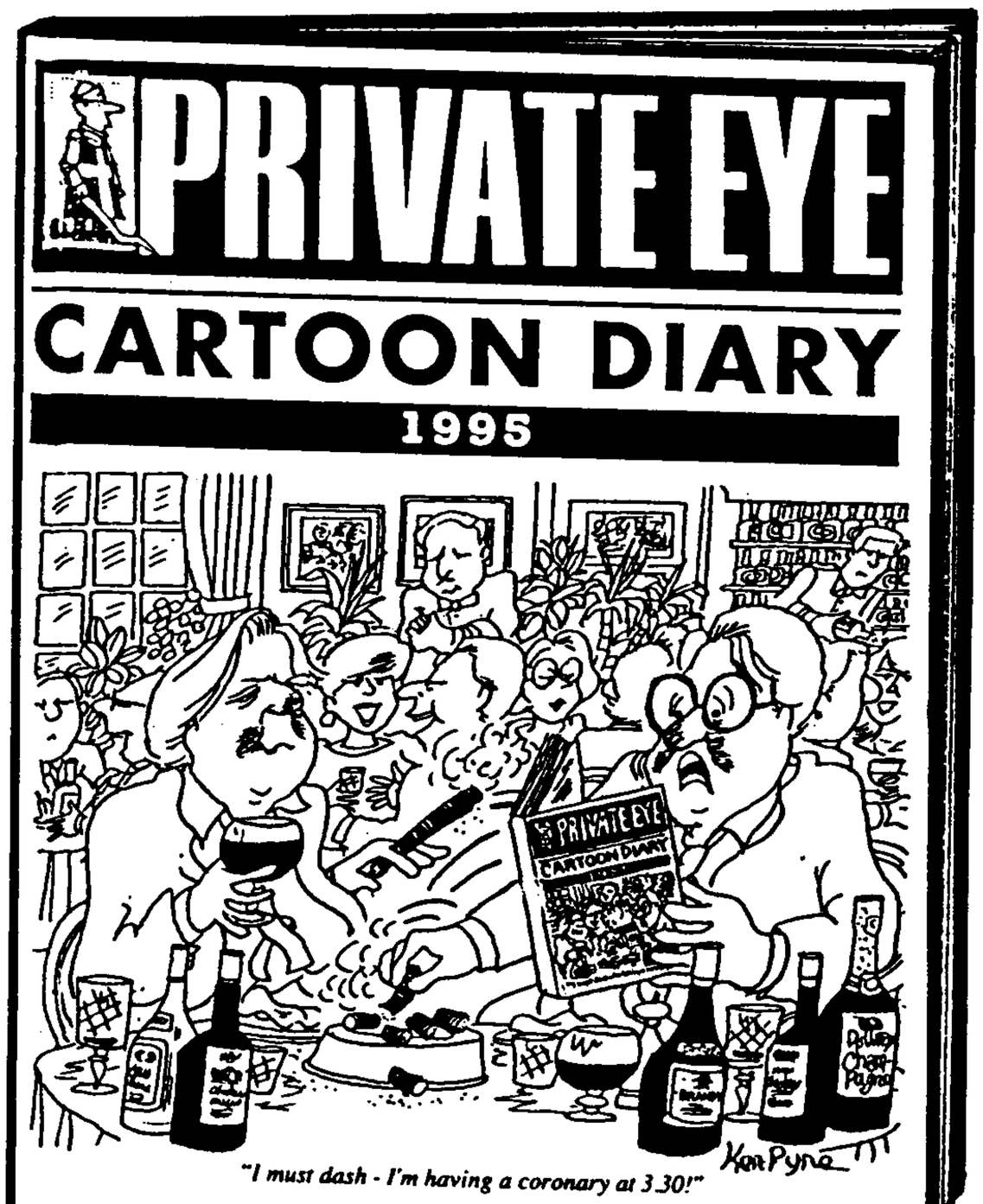
LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
081-558 4226
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS

04/2754

CARTOON ORIGINALS

Cartoons that have appeared in *Private Eye* may be purchased directly from the artists. Write to them by name — where decipherable — at *Private Eye*, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1.

THE PRIVATE EYE



1995 CARTOON DIARY

A chunky (5¾" × 4½) 112 page hardback, pocket/desk diary — with a 'week to view'. Packed with over 90 'Eye' cartoons and showing all the Private Eye publishing dates.

THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT!

On sale now £4.99

or by mail order from us

£5.50 inc. p&p

OR

FREE

to new subscribers

KEEP YOUR DATE — WITH A PRIVATE EYE DIARY

ORDER FORM – PRIVATE EYE DIARY ONLY

To: PRIVATE EYE DIARY,
Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE

DIARIES SENT BY RETURN OF POST

Please send me the PRIVATE EYE DIARY @ £5.50
(no postage needed)

Number of diaries .....

Total enclosed £ .....
(cheques payable to PRIVATE EYE)

OR by ACCESS/VISA Expiry date .....

Number .....

Name .....

Address *(please print)* .....

.....

.....

postcode .....

9 770032 888037 41

OR
DIAL-A-DIARY
JUST PHONE (24HRS)
071 223 8193
WITH YOUR CREDIT CARD DETAILS & LEAVE THE REST TO US

ORDER FORM – *FREE* DIARY FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

To: PRIVATE EYE SUBS/DIARY
Mortimer House, 230/236. Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE

☐ I enclose £16 *(cheques payable to PRIVATE EYE, for overseas rates see under Gnome column)*

☐ or by ACCESS/VISA Expiry date .....

Number .....
(Please indicate which is card holder's name & address)

Please send PRIVATE EYE for one year to:

Name *(please print)* .....

Address *(pleaseprint)* .....

.....

..... *postcode* .....

Please send **FREE DIARY** to *(If different from above)*:

Name *(please print)* .....

Address *(please print)* .....

.....

..... *postcode* .....

Please start subscription with *(tick appropriate box)*:

☐ Next available issue

☐ The 16th December issue

☐ The 30th December issue

OR DIAL-A-SUB
JUST PHONE (24HRS)
071 228 0425 / 071 738 1249
WITH YOUR CREDIT CARD DETAILS & LEAVE THE REST TO US

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 9971